

# The last fragment, the spaceliner and the hunter by valentineheaven1

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Multi

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Original Female Character(s), Original Male Character(s), Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington & Dustin Henderson, Steve Harrington & The Stranger Things Kids, Steve Harrington/Original Female Character(s), Will Byers & Dustin Henderson & Eleven & Maxine "Max" Mayfield & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers & Dustin Henderson & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers & Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

In the calmed down lives of the guys, the horror coming from the upside down again rushes in. The gate again opened and slowly began to absorb not only the laboratory, but the whole Hawkins. In the encrypted message, it is said that in order to save the city, it is necessary to find three fragments - the last fragment, the spaceliner and the hunter. To find them Steve, along with the kids, is deploying his operation to save their city.

They're also helped by Dior. She's Steve's classmate, she's incredibly clever, so it's very helped them to solve their problems. But she closed herself from others, became a puzzle for them.

She very helped Steve to cope with all their strange deals and became for him a good friend. Or maybe more than a friend...

# 1. The Queen Of Codes

## Author's Note:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

This day would be a perfectly normal school day, if not for "extra lessons" in the library. The principal of the school always says that every offense the disciples must redeem, that's why it comes up with various "cheerful" methods of redemption of guilt. She was here not through her own fault - although from part she was involved in the deed. But arguing with the principal is completely useless, so it's easier to put up with the punishment and the charge.

Although all the lessons were over, there was still a quiet noise in the hallway that came through the metal doors of the library. It's strange that the library is empty. The girl sits at a long wooden table, folding her legs on a chair, standing to her right. In addition, two more guilty parties must arrive, but for some reason they don't.

*"Probably, they left,"* She thought. *"Here are smart people,"*

She sat here for freaking thirty minutes, but no one appeared. She wore white sunglasses with black glasses; occasionally she read the newspaper, printed dozens of years ago, with boredom. When the door slammed, the girl didn't even turn her head toward Steve, who was seated at the other end of the table opposite her. At first he didn't intend to break the silence that stood in the library.

*"This ... Is this a new trend - to wear sunglasses indoors, and even read in them?"* He asked with a grin.

She looked at him and grinned, dropping the newspaper. He sat, lounging on a chair. Only a fool wouldn't understand by his face that someone had beaten Steve very well; because under his left eye there was a large bruise, the lip was slightly swollen and bleeding, and the cheeks and forehead were covered with small scarlet wounds. He

held a small bag of ice under his left eye. His face took on the appearance of anger and indifference in the whole of this fucking world.

*"Sunglasses,"* She began, taking off her glasses. *"It's a good way to not see this big bruise under your eye,"* She smiled broadly at him. *"Did someone beat you, Steve Harrington?"* She continued with a grin.

*"It's none of your business, Dior,"* He replied angrily and turned away from her.

Though he looked embittered, he still wanted to talk to someone about what had happened. But while he didn't find the interlocutor in the face of Dior, but only looked angrily at her laughing face.

*"Did Billy beat you?"* She asked.

*"No, of course not, for me he doesn't pose any danger,"* He looked at her.

*"Oh, what a fearless you are,"* the girl smiled. *"Then who gave you such a makeup?"*

*"Leo Wilde,"* He replied calmly and lowered his head.

*"Huh... He's my brother,"* also calmly answered Dior, leaning back in her chair and staring at the surprised Steve.

*"Your... Your brother?"* with a misunderstanding he asked again.

*"He's not my own brother, thank God,"* She grinned. *"He was adopted, and my parents only regretted him because Leo had lost his parents, and he was only five, and there was a risk that he would be sent to an orphanage. And my dad didn't want to see before his eyes how the child was selected a normal life,"*

*"Interesting..."* Steve said quietly.

*"But I hate him,"* She continued. *"My brother is an asshole, so... Don't pay your attention to him,"*

*"Of course, I'm sorry, but why won't your parents re-educate him?"*

*"Will they re-educate? Are you serious?" She grinned. "It's impossible to re-educate such a jerk. My parent is waiting for the moment when he finishes school and dumps from our house. He is waiting for this too,"*

At that moment, the door to the library slammed loudly, and the school principal, Mr. Hill, entered. They both turned in his direction as he approached the table.

*"And so Mr. Harrington,"* He looked at Steve. *"Mr. Palmer,"* he looked through the eyes of the second guilty guy.

*"He's not here,"* Dior said.

*"And Miss Marchelier,"* He looked at the girl and quickly looked away.

The school principal kept a strict expression on his face, standing firmly on his feet, but occasionally swaying from side to side. He threw a folder on the table, which he held in his hands a few seconds ago. In his other hand, Dior noticed some kind of stick, or a bat with strange iron bars inside. The principal paused for a moment, sighed and turned to Steve, who was looking at the principal, then tried to count the tiles on the floor.

*"Let's start with you, Mr. Harrington,"* the principal began calmly. *"First, I want to clarify with you, who first started the fight - you or Mr. Wilde?"* He stared steadily at Steve, whose eyes were running all over the library.

*"It all started with the fact that they came to me with their stupid questions, and then the first struck me,"* Steve calmly began, fixing his eyes on the principal. *"And I couldn't answer them the same,"*

*"Why then did you use this device?"* the principal neatly put on the table a bit with nails, with an imperceptible grin on his face. *"You almost wounded a few people,"*

*"Oh, it sounds bad,"* Dior said with a smile and light sarcasm, looking first at the principal, and then at Steve, who immediately responded with a mocking grimace.

*"I didn't use it for the intended purpose, and I wasn't going to do it, I'm not that crazy, especially since they dropped my bat out of my hands*

*faster than I managed to lift it,"* Steve finished and lowered his head, looking at the wounds on his palms.

*"In any case, you'll have to spend a few hours here,"* the principal said and turned quickly to the girl. She gave him her smiling look. *"Now you are Miss Marchelier, I know that you didn't take part directly in this, but you didn't interfere with it either. Why did you attack and then beat Miss Fincher?"* He looked at her, waiting for an answer.

*"Oh, that sounds bad,"* Steve mocked her, for which she awarded him a smile.

*"Not we beat her, they did. You said yourself, I didn't take part in it directly,"* Dior answered to the principal.

*"But why didn't you stop your friends from this bad act?"* continued the principal.

*"Believe me, I tried, but nobody could convince these little fools, I was friends with Fincher, then she betrayed me, but I already had her revenge for a long time, so I had no reason to plot against her,"* She retorted. *"I tried to dissuade them,"* She said quietly and leaned back in her chair, staring at the table.

*"Miss Rosie Rebel said that you on the contrary pushed everyone to this,"* lowering his eyes to the floor, said the principal, then again looked at her.

*"Of course, since Rosie is an angel, she can't do this, she is not capable of doing anything mean,"* the girl said sarcastically. *"It's nothing that she beat her, or rather she watched her friends beat her? Of course, because she's innocent, she's the best student..."*

*"You, too, are one of the best students, that's why I believe you,"* interrupted the principal. *"But in any case you and Mr. Harrington will spend some time here to think about your behavior and clean up the library,"* the principal said firmly, taking his folder sharply from the table. *"Come, follow me,"* He said more calmly.

Dior exchanged glances with Steve, and they headed for the principal, who went to one of the empty book shelves. Around there

were a lot of book stacks, some books were still in boxes with the inscription "donations", some were gathering dust just on the floor. In fact, there was much more in this library than one empty shelf. The principal touched one of the boxes with his hand, but caught her in time.

One book fell out of the box, he picked it up at the speed of light, rubbed it and carefully put it on one of the empty shelves. This "ritual" quite demonstrated the principal's love for all these books.

*"You will have to disassemble as many of these boxes as possible,"* He began, turning to them. *"I don't ask you to disassemble all the boxes, but one will not be enough. Put the books on the shelves, according to genres or authors. Then,"* He went to a small table with a chest of drawers.

On the table stood small boxes with cards and markers, on the other table on the left were scattered different maps - political, physical, maps of different countries.

*"Then,"* the principal continued. *"You should color-code these maps,"*

*"Color-code?"* Dior asked in surprise. *"Someone is still does that?"*

*"We do, Miss Marchelier,"* the principal answered with a smile. *"That's all you have to do,"* He went to the door. *"I hope that you won't escape from here immediately after I leave. Wait at least a couple of minutes for this,"* He added with a smile and left.

*"I'm not very friendly with books,"* Steve began when Dior turned to him. *"So it's better if you deal with books and boxes, and I'm with maps"* He looked at her, waiting for a reaction to his offer.

*"I don't care,"* the girl answered and walked past him, to the boxes with books.

Dior wanted as soon as possible to make out at least half of these boxes and books, but to implement a plan for "fast cramming books on the shelves" was a bit difficult. Although she adored reading, she was not one of those who could spend days and nights in the library, carefully arranging books. But Dior still overcame her nature and put the books in the right way.

Steve at that time was busy with all these cards, first dividing them into the appropriate groups, then using the marker to assign a color and a box to each group. All this seemed to Dior far more boring than placing books. But the guy also, most likely, wished to leave as soon as possible, so he did all these manipulations as quickly as possible.

*"Why did your friends talk you into it?"* apparently wanting to somehow dispel the silence, Steve asked, not stopping from his work.

*"Because they're bitches, of course,"* Dior said, placing the books on the shelf.

*"But is there any reason other than this?"* He continued.

*"Are you really that interested?"* She asked irritably.

*"I'm talking about this because there is nothing more to talk about,"* He said with a smile.

*"Why there is nothing more to talk about?"* said the girl, he looked up at her, she took the first book out of the box. *"There are so many books here. Let's discuss, for example, about "Spark of Life,"* She suggested, looking at him.

*"A terrible book,"* He replied, and continued to lay out the cards on the boxes.

*"I'm sure you didn't even read it,"* She said with a grin and placed the book on the shelf.

*"Why did you think so?"* He again stared at her with a questioning look.

*"It's too complex for you, Steve Harrington,"* Dior answered, and, smiling, turned away from him.

*"You know, if I study disgustingly, this doesn't mean that I can't read and understand complex books,"* Steve said sternly.

*"Well, if that's so,"* She snatched Remarque's «Spark of Life» from the shelf and, going to Steve's desk, threw him a book. *"Then hold, read, then you will tell – it is terrible or wonderful,"* She went back to the



books.

*"Come next week, I'll write you a review,"* He shouted after her.

Silence reigned in the library, only the rustling of the paper and the sounds of books placed on the shelf were heard. They both spent only an hour here, but this hour was felt to them like two. A dim sunset light filtered through the wide windows, nicely illuminating the shelves and tables. Steve continued to do all the same manipulations with maps - to study, create a group, determine the color; Dior still continued to arrange books. Everything would go on like this in a circle, if a group of children didn't run into the library at a furious speed.

They burst so loudly and quickly into the library that they frightened Dior and Steve, who nearly even grabbed his bat. They, panting from a quick run, surrounded Steve's desk.

*"What the hell are you doing here?"* He asked.

*"We found something,"* Dustin answered, breathing hard.

*"Probably, this is a very important find,"* also breathing heavily, Lucas continued.

*"And so, we need your help,"* Mike finished; they continued to stare at the surprised Steve.

*"And what do you have there? Magic tablets or moonstone?"* He asked with a slight grin, crossing his arms over his chest.

They began to look at each other, apparently not remembering who had that "something". But soon Dustin took off his backpack and took out some sheets from his pocket. The sheets were slightly yellowed and burnt on the sides, but the text was clearly visible, a pair of sentences drawn by a black pen, or a marker. The second sheet was empty.

Realizing that the children don't lie, Steve slowly sat down at the table and took the sheets. He looked at them for several seconds, trying to understand what the written text meant.

*"It's encrypted,"* Dustin said.

*"I can see it without you,"* Steven told him. *"And, as I understand it, do you want me to decipher it to you?"* He looked at the kids, who were still staring at him.

*"You do know how to do this, don't you?"* asked Max.

*"No,"* Steve said loudly, pushing the papers aside. *"I don't understand the meaning of this cipher, much less I don't understand how to decipher it,"*

*"Here the letters are written so strangely,"* Max began, grabbing a sheet from the table. *"Zkhq,"* She read. *"What this is all about?"*

*"This is Caesar's cipher, nerds,"* Dior said, putting the last book on the shelf.

*"And who is this?"* Lucas asked.

*"This is one more offense - Dior,"* Steve said, remembering her existence here.

*"Dior?"* Max repeated with perplexity. *"How a fashion brand or what?"* She looked at the girl; she nodded to her in agreement. The rest stared at Max. *"What? Yes, I know about the existence of fashion brands, guys,"*

*"So,"* Mike said, returning to the topic of the conversation. *"You're Dior, and you know that this is Caesar's cipher, right?"* He stared at her intently.

*"Why are you talking to me, like I'm an unintentional five-year girl?"* She asked.

*"And he does the right thing,"* Steve sarcastically, smiling at her.

*"Shut up, Harrington,"* Dior said irritably, and turned to Mike. *"Yes, this is this cipher,"*

*"Please help us decipher it, it's very important,"* He said, and his eyes almost begged her to help.

Dior still stood in the shadow of the bookshelves, only slightly sanctified by the dim library lamps. Now it's getting dark pretty quickly, so now through the wide windows the library was no longer flowing playful sunlight; the library plunged into the evening gloom. It was lighted only three lamps and another one on the table, behind which Steve worked. His face and the faces of his young friends were brightly consecrated by the orange light of a brightly lit table lamp. They all looked expectantly at the girl, and especially Mike.

Arms crossed over her chest, Dior slowly approached them, peering into Mike's face.

*"This code it's easy to understand,"* She began, continuing to approach the table where they all stood. *"Didn't you learn to use it in computer science lessons?"* She already approached them and stood directly opposite Mike.

*"Apparently, we were sick when everyone was learning this topic,"* Dustin said with a broad smile. *"Well, you probably didn't sick, so you can help us,"*

She quickly looked around at everyone, then sat down at the table, from which the kids' faces appeared victorious smiles. She took the sheet from Max's hands and began to study it, carefully reading every word of the encrypted sentence. On a slightly yellowed paper, on the sides of the scorched sheet, an encrypted message was written:

*"Zkhq brx ilqg wkh odvw iudrphqw wkh ruolhu dqg wkh kxqwhu, wkhq frph wz ph dpr wub wz zlq"*

Any sentence seems only a strange set of letters, especially gifted people will be able to guess that there is something encrypted, and only a few will be able to guess how to decipher this message. The guys, you can say, were lucky that they were at the right time in the same place with Dior, because she knows a lot about the various codes. For this knowledge she must thank her craving for learning something new and her father, who is a space engineer and knows everything about the codes.

She took a blank sheet of paper and pulled out a pen from Steve's hands, and began to write. The kids crowded behind her, peering

over her shoulder and watching her actions. Steve also moved a little closer to her, with a slight surprise on her face from how quickly she deciphered all those incomprehensible words.

Dior really, surprisingly all, deciphered everything quickly, as if she was just copying text from the textbook. The kids kept looking at each other, then at Steve. When the girl finished, she threw the pen back on the table and quietly leaned back in her chair, triumphantly looked at the still-surprised Steve.

*"Everything..."* She said with an easy grin.

Dustin quickly took a sheet from the table with the text just deciphered and walked a little further away from friends, apparently to be the first to read the mysterious message and be the first to be aware of the events. But after reading everything, Dustin's face stopped smiling, and his eyes became gloomy and uncomprehending. His eyes kept running over and over again the decoded lines. The guys tensed and were slightly frightened to see such Dustin.

*"Hey, Dustin,"* Mike called quietly. *"Dustin, what's there?"* but the boy still didn't answer.

*"Dustin!"* Lucas said loudly; all eyes were fixed on Dustin and only on him.

*"Dustin!"* interposed Max. *"What is written there?!"*

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Everyone was still waiting for an answer from the astonished Dustin, who had recently calculated the decrypted letter. He came to himself and slowly went to the same surprised and waiting friends.

*"It says: 'When you find the last fragment, the spaceliner and the hunter, then come to me and try to win,'"* Dustin read and stared at the friends who were still trying to learn what they heard in their head. *"Dior,"* He turned to the seated girl. *"Did you translate everything*

*correctly? Or could there be a risk of mistake? "*

*"No,"* She answered calmly and quietly. *"I know this cipher like my own five fingers,"* She smiled slightly. *"Why do you need all this? For you this text has become at least a little clearer, but for me there is no,"* She took turns looking at everyone present, waiting for an answer.

The kids and Steve didn't want to dedicate the girl they see for the fifth time, in their complicated and dangerous cases. They were grateful for her help in deciphering the message, but they were definitely not ready to tell her everything as it is. They were not sure that she could be trusted. They were also not sure about her knowledge of ciphers and codes. They thought, and suddenly she was some secret spy or spy from the laboratory. Although this girl is unlikely to become a good spy.

Everyone started to fuss, began to look at each other, trying to find out in the eyes of each other the answer to the question of whether it was worth telling her something.

*"It's..., "* Mike began. *"It's... It's for the game,"*

*"Yes,"* Lucas picked up. *"We are playing a very complex, strategic game, where there are a lot of strange and complicated tasks, like this, for example,"* He pointed to the sheet with the encrypted message. *"So..., "* They continued to exchange glances and smile oddly.

According to Dior, only a fool won't understand that these kids lie and Steve too. Steve was so determined not to get involved in this box that he leaned back as far back as possible and clasped his hands tightly, watching everyone. But she wasn't going to get the truth out of them, she wasn't one of them.

*"You know, kids,"* She said quickly, with a smile on her lips and looking at the kids in the eyes. *"You are very, very, very bad liars,"* She smiled broadly, the kids also tried to smile.

The kids realized that, of course, she didn't believe them. They met with this and without words, each decided that, when they were sure of her, they would tell her the whole story. Well, or at least only part of it. Dior quickly got up from her chair and headed toward the

bookshelves, where she took her backpack.

*"Good luck with the game, kids,"* She said as she passed them, patting Dustin lightly over the head.

*"Where are you going?!"* Steve asked in surprise, rising abruptly from his chair.

*"Home, of course,"* She quietly opened the library door. *"Unlike you, Harrington, I have long finished deconstructing books"* She glanced at the book shelves and the empty boxes. *"Therefore, if there is time, throw out these boxes, please,"* She smiled and left.

Steve continued to stand, looking at the bookshelves, then at the door, then at the table, littered with cards.

*"Is this your new girlfriend?"* Dustin asked with a broad smile. Steve and everyone else looked at him in bewilderment. *"What? You noticed how he looked at her?"*

*"So, Dustin,"* Lucas began. *"Let's leave Steve's private life discussion for another time,"*

*"What?!"* Steve intervened. *"Let's you do not discuss it at all,"*

*"Good!"* said Mike. *"We return to the sheet,"* He quickly looked around and sat down at the table; Steve remained standing, leaning his elbows on the table.

*"Well, so what is this all about? Who do we need to find? Where? When?"* Dustin constantly asked.

*"Shut up, Dustin!"* Everyone shouted in chorus.

Everyone surrounded Mike, attentively examining the text on the sheet and pondering over his hidden meanings. Their main task is to finally close the gate without causing any damage. The problem was that their best friend Will is related to what is hidden behind these gate; and their other friend El is the one who discovered them (hence she is also related to them). If they do something wrong, they, of course, will close the gate, but then they will kill their friends.

Therefore, they began to search for ways that would allow them to close the gate and at the same time save their friends. They returned to the whole story again when visions returned to Will again, and when El caught on the radio a strange conversation between two laboratory workers in which they said that a terrible hole in the laboratory wall had started to open again. Since then, all the horror and fear has returned to their city and their families. But who said that this time they can't cope?

After several weeks of searching, they just came across this sheet with a cipher. Will found it in the shed nears his house, it was hidden behind a pile of boards.

*"Let's go in order," suggested Lucas. "First we have to figure out who or what is "the last fragment" and what should he do?"* He looked at everyone carefully.

*"Maybe it's like in a puzzle?" suggested Will. "Until you insert the last fragment, you do not get a full picture,"*

*"Yes, you're right about something," Mike said. "But I still think that this "the last fragment" is not some kind of thing, but a person,"* He continued to look at the sheet.

*"Person... The last fragment..."* constantly repeated everyone, continuing to think and walk through the library.

*"Maybe," Dustin began, and everyone turned to him. "Maybe it's Will. He's «the last fragment». Like, he's connected to all this... He'll close the gate and all that stuff,"* He smiled broadly.

*"Will close the gate..."* quietly repeated Mike. *"Eleven..."* Everyone stared at him.

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A cozy, but tense atmosphere enveloped the spacious basement of the Wheeler's house. Everywhere were scattered various toys and pieces of Lego figurines, there were candy wrappers and nut crumbs

somewhere; on one of the shelves, behind the books, were a few cans of chocolate pudding stashed. The room was dimly lit by bright bulbs and Christmas garlands. In the hut, made once from sheets and pillows, sat a girl with curly hair.

Mike sat opposite her, holding her cold hand in his. She looked at him attentively and occasionally looked at his friends who were sitting near them, at the table.

*"Will found it in his barn,"* Mike said, and handed the girl the same sheet with the encrypted message. *"The message is encrypted here,"* He still looked at her attentively, afraid to miss any of her reactions.

She picked up the paper carefully and looked at the encrypted lines attentively.

*"What is written here?"* She said in her quiet voice.

*"The message is encrypted with Caesar's cipher,"* Mike began with a slight smile. *"We came to the library, there was Steve, and we thought that he would decipher this text to us,"*

*"Steve in the library?"* El asked with a slight surprise, interrupting the telling Mike.

*"This surprised us, too,"* replied Lucas, who collapsed on one of the chairs at the table.

*"So, there was one girl in the library with Steve, her name is Dior,"* Mike continued.

*"Dior..."* quietly repeated El, as if trying a new name to taste.

*"Yes, Dior,"* smiled Mike. *"She helped us to decipher this text, here it is,"* he said and handed her another sheet on which the translation had already been written. *"It says: «When you find the last fragment, the spacelier and the hunter, then come to me and try to win»,"*

*"And what does all this mean?"* She asked softly, reading the text.

*"It means,"* Dustin began, approaching them. *"That in order to safely close the gate we need three people –the last fragment, the spacelier and*



*the hunter,"* He smiled broadly, rejoicing at his genius.

*"And we think,"* began Lucas, who had approached them. *"That this very the last fragment is you,"*

*"Why?" Why do you think so? "* She quickly got out of the hut to see them all. Mike stood with her.

*"Our logic is this,"* Dustin began, sitting down at the table where Will and Lucas were already sitting; Mike and El also sat down. *"We think that the last fragment is someone that will help us bring the matter to the end,"*

*"As in puzzles,"* Will said.

*"Just like in puzzles,"* picked up Mike. *"Until you insert the last fragment, you will not see a full-fledged picture,"*

*"Until you use the last fragment, you will not be able to close the gate completely,"* Lucas said.

*"At first we thought that the last fragment is Will,"* Dustin began again. *"But he doesn't have the strength to close the gate, he's only connected to them on... on the psychological level,"* he again smiled broadly.

*"You have the strength to close this gate completely,"* Will began. *"You've already closed them once, but now you're even stronger, so you can close it completely,"*

*"Once and for all,"* Dustin said.

All this time, El sat quietly, listening to each of them in turn. She understood that in their assumptions there is enough logical meaning. She also understood that now she had more strength, and that she might well try to close the gate definitively. It could well be this most necessary *«the last fragment»* in this terrible puzzle.

*"You're the last fragment, El,"* Mike said quietly to her.

After a pause, she looked at her friends and asked:

*"And who are the rest of them?"* She quickly looked at each of them.

*"Who is the hunter?" Who is the spacelier? "*

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Mr. Yulatus spoke for several minutes to his dear students about the Civil War of the North and South, namely, how important this event was and remains for USA history.

He, like a man in love with the subject he teaches, couldn't afford to simply include a documentary about the war and throw out of the classroom, to dedicate a few minutes to himself and his lunch. He talked about historical events with such zeal, with such interest and bestowal, and waited for the same feedback from his students.

But everything went a little differently than he wanted. Of the entire class of twenty people, only six listened with interest to him and took an active part in the discussions of the questions he asked. Steve Harrington was not one of the six, but Mr. Yulatus's lessons were very interesting to him.

*"The Civil War was a turning point in the history of the United States,"* Mr. Yulatus continued, sitting on the table top of his teacher's desk. *"It all started with mass discontent and various rallies, and then the war began, kids,"* He smiled broadly, looking around the classroom.

He was young, no more than thirty-two years old. He had thick dark hair, slightly disheveled; his eyes were the same dark brown color. Many girls not only of this class, but the whole school were secretly in love with him. But excuse me, girls, Mr. "Oh My God, what a hot body he has" had long been occupied by Mrs. Ritor, a young primary school teacher.

*"What were the underlying causes of this war?"* asked Leto, who was seated to Steve's left.

*"The right question, Leto, the first reason can be considered that slavery held back the economic development of the state,"* He began in his charismatic voice.

Steve sat and twirled a pencil in his hand, glancing at the clock every

now and again, waiting for the end of the lesson. He urgently needed to find Dior, who today for some reason missed the history lesson. He also with his other hand pounded his fingers on the pages of his notebook, where new sheets with message were hidden.

*"Second, the desire of the Southern states to create their own state and the third - the desire of the Northern States to preserve the integrity of the US federation, kids,"* the teacher continued. *"Well, now write down the themes of your reports,"*

This morning, before the history lesson, Steve looked in the library to take the textbook. In addition to the textbook, he also took the very same book, "Spark of Life", which he was asked to read by Dior, and which he called awful. After leafing through the already yellowed book pages, he found a new encrypted note. He could swear that yesterday *there was no sheet* in the book.

*"When this damn bell is already ringing,"* he said quietly and nervously.

Mr. Yulatus has already started talking about his homework for the next lesson, which means that the bell will soon ring. Three, two, one... A shrill ringing broke into every school corner, and the students fast jumped from their seats to quickly leave this place. Steve quickly folded the notebooks and ran out of class, searching for Dior.

She didn't have to search long; she was just looking for something in her locker. He quietly approached her, hiding behind the locker door. When she closed it, Steve's face and Steve himself appeared in front of her, breathless from a quick run.

*"God, that's not it,"* She said, rolling her eyes. *"What? Again need to decipher something for the game?"*

*"Yes, and without you we can't cope,"* He looked at her with a pleading glance. *"This new cipher is even more complicated than the last one; no letters, but some dots, but there is something definitely encrypted, something important... For the game,"* He smiled slightly.

*"It's not a dots, nerd,"* She smiled, heading along the hallway; Steve followed her. *"It's Braille's language, specially invented for blind people,"*

She smiled, rejoicing that she again showed herself smarter than this handsome boy.

*"And you will help us?"* He asked.

*"No,"* She said loudly. *"You go with your ciphers, I'm not your interpreter,"* She said, Steve stopped her and turned to face him.

*"We can't do it without you. Help us and, I promise, that afterwards we will leave you in peace,"* He also looked at her pleadingly.

*"But only the last time, Harrington,"* She said, and walked toward the library.

Steve caught up with her, and they silently walked into the library to decipher the new message again.

## 2. Chapter 2: A School Nightmare (Part 1)

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

Today there were a lot more people in the library than the day before yesterday, when Steve and Dior served their punishment here, bringing public good to the school. All because soon control will start on the threshold of the spring break. In the big room there was silence, occasionally interrupted by someone's loud whisper.

Dior quickly walked past the long wooden table, where she sat the day before yesterday, with a quick movement threw the backpack on a chair, and sat down on the next one. At the other end of the table sat chemistry class Steve's partner who was desperately crammed.

*"Hello, Cosmo,"* Steve said quietly to the boy; he greeted him with a wave of his hand and went back to the textbooks, simultaneously writing something quickly into his notebook.

Steve sat to the left of the girl, who was already looking at him with a searching glance. Steve took a sheet of paper from the backpack and smiled broadly at her, although it was not at all appropriate.

*"Maybe you'll try faster?"* Dior asked irritably.

*"This cipher consists of dots, you're unlikely to decipher it quickly,"* Steve continued with the same smile. *"An hour... Two..."*, He said, finally putting the very sheet with the cipher text in front of her.

The girl quickly tensed all over, straightened up and grabbed a sheet of text. Such a rapid change in her facial expression and figure surprised Steve. Dior began to carefully consider the sheet and every millimeter of the ciphered text.

She was right - the text is encrypted through Braille. This is a relief-

dotted tactile font intended for writing and reading by blind and poorly seeing people. Six letters are used to display letters in Braille. The dots are arranged in two columns. When writing, the dots are pierced, and since you can only read by convex dots, you have to "write" the text from the back of the sheet. The text is written from right to left, then the page is flipped, and the text is read from left to right. So Dior turned the page in the right order first.

The words in the sentences were stamped with a special needle, which left a small black trace behind the edges of each dot.

"Well?" interrupted her Steve. *"Can you at least roughly say what is written there?"*

*"Roughly say?"* She lifted her smiling face to him. *"To the accuracy of every letter, I will tell you what is written here,"*

She turned away from him, tearing a piece of paper from the notebook. She began to translate and did this very quickly, so immediately it became clear that she had long been familiar with Braille. Perhaps it was her hidden abilities or her peculiarity - skillful possession of different ciphers and codes. But one thing could be understood exactly, she is the only one who knows them all and with incredible speed and accuracy is able to decipher them.

Steve attention still can't get away from Cosmo, who with a special passion was busy with his work - writing something in a notebook, sketching something, tried to find something in the books, which was, incidentally, four. Steve got up and walked slowly around the table, Dior didn't even notice his disappearance. Approaching Cosmo, he watched for a few seconds his work.

*"What are you doing with such interest?"* Steve asked finally; Cosmo raised his big, brilliant eyes to him.

*"It's just... a chemistry project,"* He smiled broadly, slowly turning the sheet of the notebook, still looking at Steve.

It seemed to Steve that the guy was lying to him, and that he was hiding something in his notebook, since he tried so quickly to turn it over. Steve knew perfectly well that Cosmo is good in exact and

natural sciences, and especially in chemistry and physics. In these subjects he was no equal as in the fact that he knew four languages well, including Latin. What drives this guy - it's not clear. Even being so clever, he can't be called a nerd. Cosmo even like Steve - he also hates school and also likes to break the rules.

*"Is this a chemistry project for Harvard University?"* Steve asked with a smile, flipping through one of his textbooks. *"What are you so sweating about it? Just went to encyclopedia, copied, pasted, opened, printed it out and all,"*

*"No, this is not a simple project,"* Cosmo began; it was evident that he wanted to get rid of Steve's company as quickly as possible, but Steve didn't want to. *"A very serious problem that requires in-depth consideration and... Comprehensive analysis,"* He smiled, and Steve looked at him with wide eyes.

*"The day after tomorrow the laboratory work in chemistry... Will you again get up your tricks?"*

*"Yes, probably... If they ask, then I just can't refuse,"*

Steve was still trying to get his notebook, but Cosmo quickly put it back in his bag. At that moment Dior quickly approached them, who had already translated the whole ciphered text. Cosmo, as a person who likes to make new acquaintances, especially with girls, quickly switched from nerd to "the most beautiful guy that everyone dreams about." He stretched a broad smile, and his eyes *gleamed* with a pleasant ocean blue.

*"I translated everything,"* She told to Steve, quickly putting the papers to him; she looked quickly at Cosmo.

*"Hello, I'm Cosmo,"* He said with the same broad smile.

*"Hello, I'm leaving,"* She answered with a strained smile and headed for the exit, soon leaving the library.

Steve quickly took his backpack and papers and, without saying goodbye to Cosmo, left the library with rapid steps. He walked along the school hallways, which seemed like a noisy hive compared to the

library, making his way through the crowd of hurrying schoolchildren. Quickly sitting in the car, he took out a large walkie-talkie and told the kids:

*"Hey, I know who is the spacelier..."* He said and, dropping his walkie-talkie, quickly set off on the highway.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 1 of the second chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for a part 2, darling.



### 3. A School Nightmare (Part 2)

#### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

It's already getting dark. The night quietly fell on the sleepy Hawkins, light the street lights and illuminate the quiet streets. The last scarlet ribbon of the sunset hid behind a dense dark blue canvas of the sky. Around them were melodies of the night nature - a light rustle of trees, the chirping of grasshoppers, the buzzing of electric wires - and the hum of the engine of Steve's car.

He had been for two hours by the roadside, near the forest, waiting for the kids. Steve told them in advance on the radio where to meet. He was impatient to tell them about his conjecture about the mysterious *the spaceliner*. But no one appeared.

"Steve!" sounded Dustin's voice from the walkie-talkie. "*Steve, can you hear me ?!*" His voice sounded heavy, apparently he was running.

"Dustin, what's wrong ?!" asked Steve, quickly grabbing his walkie-talkie from the backpack. "*Answer me!*"

"*We're in the woods! Near the Byers Castle!*" Dustin continued to shout. "*Come here, we'll tell you everything! Over and out!*" He said and disconnected.

"*Fuck!*" Steve cursed and grabbed his bat and closed the car, went straight to the forest, to the "Byers Castle".

It's crazy to walk around in the woods at night, trying to find adventures on your... head. Even armed with a bat with nails or a gun - it's still crazy. Even worse, when children decide to make a voyage to the night forest.

But Steve couldn't afford to leave these children to their fate. He

quickly found them near the «Castle», they all discussed something in a loud whisper. Seeing Steve, they quickly ran up to him.

*"What the hell is going on with you again ?!"* He asked severely, looking at each of them.

*"Demogorgon,"* Dustin began. *"It came alive and fled the basement,"*

*"I'm sorry, what did it do?"* Steve asked in bewilderment, staring at Dustin.

*"Then we didn't kill it,"* Dustin continued. *"According to El, we just put it to sleep. A couple of hours ago it came to itself and, breaking the door of my basement..."*

*"And ate your cat again,"* Lucas added.

*"Yes, and that, too. In general, the demodog has fled and now, most likely, wanders through this forest in search of food,"* concluded Dustin.

*"We need to catch and kill it,"* Mike began. *"Kill again"*

---

Steve and his team were walking through the forest, searching for traces of the demodog and itself. Their views didn't miss a single edge of the earth, not a single branch. Demodogs again came to this world, again came to kill.

*"God, what is this?"* asked Max, and all approached her.

*"Oh my God,"* Dustin said, and they all stared at the bloody patch of land.

Under a small bush lay a small dog's body, torn to pieces. Once the soft white wool was left only stained scraps in the blood. Under the body, the earth was literally soaked with blood.

*"That's the first track from the demodog,"* Steve said disappointedly. *"Of course, I'm sorry for the puppy, but we still can't save him, so we go further,"* He said and went on; the kids followed him.

"Skye!" came a distant cry. "Skye!"

Steve and the kids stopped abruptly, listening to the screams. Steve stood in front of, covering himself with frightened children. The voice grew louder and louder, so the person who issued this voice came closer and closer to them. Steve kept his bat ready, Max and Lucas shone their lanterns ahead.

"Skye!" the voice is very close, a few meters away.

Because of the wide trunk of one of the trees, Dior ran out holding a flashlight. She turned abruptly to see the frightened children and Steve, who still swung his bat at her.

"Hey, hey, Harrington!" She shouted, closing her hands with his blow. Steve quickly removed the bat. "Are you an idiot?!"

"Sorry! Sorry!" He began quickly.

"Do you have a night walk?" She asked with a smile, looking first at him, then at the children.

"No, what are you doing here?" He asked loudly.

"No, it is much more interesting to know what you are doing here at night, and even with kids?" She continued to smile. "What, Steve, decided to show the younger generation all the charm and interest of the night forest fauna?" She laughed softly.

"Somebody stop her, please," He said irritably and turned away.

"But really, what are you doing here?" Mike asked a little wary.

They still didn't know if they could trust her. After all, it's strange what she could do in the night forest that she could look for here. For them, she seemed too smart and intelligent, *capable of everything*. Therefore, they didn't leave the thought that she could be a spy or something like that.

"I'm looking for my dog," She began; Steve looked at the kids. "I walked with him, then he ran somewhere quickly, and I couldn't catch up with him," Her voice no longer sounded fun, but on the contrary, restless

and sad. *"He was out of sight, and I went looking for him. I went looking for him, and found nanny Steve, who was making an evening voyage with a group of teenagers,"* She smiled again.

*"We saw your dog,"* Will stuttered.

*"Where? Where is he?"* Dior asked restlessly.

A few minutes later they were already standing next to a small fluffy corpse of a dog resting under a flowering bush. Dior stood silently and just looked at the corpse of her beloved pet, surrounded by children.

*"We're very sorry,"* Max said softly, patting Dior's hand.

*"God!"* She wrenched her hand, grabbing her head. *"What will I tell my parent?"*

*"The truth..."* Steve suggested carefully; Dior looked at him angrily.

*"Of course, the truth. Dad, our dog was eaten by a wolf in the forest. Are you serious?"* She looked at Steve.

*"It's not a wolf..."* Dustin said quietly.

*"Dustin!"* Lucas told him, pushing him into the side.

*"And who then?"* She looked at Dustin questioningly. *"Do you know someone who is able to eat my dog at night in the forest?"* All were silent. *"You know, it seems to me, it's time for us to get out of here, because we don't know who else does this kind of animal want to eat?"* some noise was heard near them. *"What is it?"* Dior asked frightened.

*"I think someone decided to continue their dinner,"* Steve replied; a piercing screech of the demodog sounded on the whole forest.

*"Let's run!"* Dustin shouted furiously, and everyone rushed headlong through the forest.

They ran as fast as they could at that moment. The protruding branches beat them on the legs and hands, leaving an unpleasant burning sensation after strikes. Demodog fled directly behind them,

continuing to break the night silence with his terrible squeal. Everyone was terribly frightened, but most of all Dior was scared, which even had no idea what kind of creature it was.

They ran to the school, the parking was brightly consecrated lanterns. In the light of the lights, Dior saw the dim demodog shape, which increased the degree of her fear into two. They ran through the main entrance to the school hall, Steve stopped at the front door.

*"What are you up to, son of a bitch ?!"* Dustin shouted to him; they all stopped translating their already heavy breathing.

*"Run, I'll hold it!"* Steve shouted.

*"What, your mother ?!"* shouted Lucas. *"How will you stop it alone ?!"*

*"I will, go!"* Steve insisted.

*"He's an idiot! He won't stop it!"* said Dior, still in a small shock from the tested; again this piercingly terrible screech of the demodog.

*"Run, your mother!!!"* Steve shouted.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 2 of the second chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for a part 3, sweetheart.

## 4. A School Nightmare (Part 3)

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

The long hallways of Hawkins High School were barely lit by the lights of the streetlights and the moonlight. There was a grave silence all around, but not for long. Soon, heavy footsteps sounded on the marble floor, bizarre shadows leaped over the walls. Occasionally, through the corridors, a shrill screech of demogorgon echoed.

From behind the corner a crowd of guys ran by, trying to hide from all these screams and horror. But it was all here and it's impossible to just get away from it. Moreover, they tried to do it several times unsuccessfully.

"Wait!" continuing to run, shouted Mike. "Wait!" Everyone quickly stopped, breathing heavily. *"We can't just run away from all this, leaving Steve to the mercy of fate,"* He stammered after every word, swallowing fresh air.

*"And what do you propose to us?"* Lucas asked. *"How can we help him, if we have no idea how to kill this thing?!"*

*"I don't know how, but we have to do something,"* Mike began again. *"In truth, we can just run away from here, leaving Steve as a night snack for the demodog, but that's not right!"*

*"What, what do you suggest ?!"* Lucas asked loudly.

*"Kids..."* called them Dior, but they, carried away by their disassembly, didn't hear her. She looked around frightened, looking for someone.

*"We have to help Steve!"* continued Mike.

*"How? Let us stay here with the demodog ?!"* said Dustin.

"Guys!" Dior asked already, raising her voice; this time they all abruptly fell silent and turned to her. *"Where's Will?"*

All quickly looked around, searching for Will, but he was not there, he seemed to have disappeared. Everyone was frightened by the fact that they had not even heard him disappear – no rustling, no shouting, no stamping of feet – nothing. The most terrible thoughts began to come to the head of the guys, all were afraid of losing their best friend again.

*"Let's go, soon!"* shouted Mike and moved quickly along the dark corridor; all followed him. *"We need to find him as soon as possible!"* He continued.

*"Maybe we should split up?"* suggested Max.

*"It's better not worth it,"* Dustin said, continuing to look around. *"Now we'd better stick together,"*

*"Where could this child be?"* Dior asked, peering into all the classrooms that were on the way. *"Is he crazy? There is a terrible beast, and he decided to take a walk,"* She smiled in astonishment at the general fright.

Everyone continued to walk slowly, listening to every rustle and looking into every classroom and even a locker. Dustin tried to contact Will several times on the radio, but in response he heard only the rustle of radio waves. Will disappeared no one knows where, Steve doesn't show up either. Only as often as ever, was heard shrill demodog's scream.

Lucas, walking in front of everyone, suddenly stopped, peering into the long corridor and listening to something.

*"Hey, Lucas,"* Mike called to him, but Lucas motioned for him to shut up.

*"I hear something,"* Lucas whispered, beckoning the others to him. *"Someone is running here,"* He continued; now all the others peered into the distance of the dark hallway, waiting.

*"Maybe we'll take our young bodies from here before it's too late?"*

whispered Dustin. *"I don't want to stand here like this, waiting for death,"*

*"You can't run, Dustin,"* Mike told him angrily. *"What if Will is running?"*

*"It's more likely that this is our death in the form of a demodog,"* Dior said. *"But we will not run yet. If this monster comes out from around the corner, then we'll run,"*

The sound of footsteps grew louder and louder, they approached directly toward the hallway where the kids and Dior were standing. At school it was cold, through the windows broke through the gray moonlight. Max directed the bright light of her lantern straight ahead, lighting almost the entire corridor. Suddenly a vague figure appeared in the distance, the man ran quickly, knocking his feet against the marble floor with a heavy knock.

*"It's...",* Lucas began, narrowing his eyes peering into the distance of the corridor.

*"It's Harrington,"* Dior finished for him. *"Damn Steve Harrington,"* She smiled broadly.

The figure approached them more and faster and was no longer vague. It really was Steve, running all the way down the corridor toward his friends. In one hand, he still held his bat, and the other – dispersed the air on the run. He fled without looking back, looking only forward. When he finally reached the guys, he stopped abruptly, dropping his hands on his knees and taking a heavy, intermittent breath.

*"Lord, what happened?"* Lucas asked, approaching him. *"Where is the demodog? Where is Will?"*

*"Will?"* Steve asked in surprise with his heavy breathing. *"Where's Will? You lost Will?"*

*"Actually, Harrington, your child disappeared, as if evaporated,"* Dior told him.

*"Let's go,"* Dustin began, walking along the corridor. *"We need to find*



*Will before he finds the demodog,"* He finished, and everyone followed him quickly.

---

In the hallway it was cold and empty, around not a single soul. The only lighting is the dim white-gray shining rays of moonlight, making their way through the dense windows. The walls are black, entwined with some strange branches or roots. Some kind of dust flies or it's ash. The only thing that's heard is Will's terrified and intermittent breathing. He looks around, hoping to find his friends. But there is no one.

*"Mike...,"* He said softly, in a trembling voice. *"Dustin... Lucas...,"*

Not far from Will, there was a rustle, and then sounds like a growl. Frightened, he slowly began to turn towards these sounds. In the distance was a small black silhouette, moving from side to side, as if preparing to attack. Will quickly ran into a room (it was a chemistry classroom), closing the door behind him.

Still panting, he moved away from the door, locking it in the lock. He carefully walked around all the desks, afraid to create at least a single rustle. He pressed his whole body against the wall, looking with fear from his eyes, looking somewhere in front of him.

*"M-m-mom...,"* closing his eyes, he whispered, almost crying.

---

*"I heard something!"* Steve shouted and rushed to the door of the chemistry classroom; the rest followed him. *"Shit, it's closed!"* He cursed, incessantly pulling the door handle. *"Damn it, I know there's someone out there!"* He continued to pull the handle.

*"Oh, stop pulling this door knob!"* Dior told him. *"Just take your bat,"* She

began, snatching a bat from him. *"And open this fucking door,"* She said, and, swinging, hit the door knob, she instantly jumped back, opening the door.

All quickly ran into the classroom. It was illuminated more than the corridor, due to large windows along the entire wall. The guys stopped abruptly, because it was dangerous to go further.

*"Help me, please,"* Will begged softly, tears rolling down his cheek.

Before them stood Will, still clinging to the wall, still as scared. But in addition to the boy, there was also a demodog in front of them, not allowing the guys to go to Will. But the demodog behaved somehow differently, in comparison with their last meeting. It was not very aggressive, but it could still kill a couple of guys; it doesn't let out his frightful squeals, but only widely opened his mouth; besides, his skin looked different, it seemed as if a corrosive substance was slowly eating away his skin. Here, obviously, someone visited before Will and the guys appeared.

*"Calm down..."* Steve began, trying to walk slowly to Will, but the demodog didn't let him. *"Here..."*

*"And what should we do now?"* Dior asked, to which the sense of fright again returned. *"I hope someone wrote an instruction on what to do when a faceless monster wants to kill an innocent thirteen-year-old kid,"* She smiled nervously, glancing at Steve.

*"Today we aren't acting according to instructions,"* He told her, grabbing his bat in both hands. *"Well, great creature, it's time for you to leave here,"* Steve said, turning and coming closer to the demodog.

He tried several times to hit the demodog with his bat, and also several times nearly became his new victim. Will continued to ask for help and cry, and the rest continued to do their best to help him. Here the terrible faceless head of the monster fell dead on the floor, a large bloodstain spread across the marble floor.

*"You deprived me of the opportunity to become a hero, you fucking samurai!"* said Steve, addressing Dior, who killed the demodog with a sword she found in the class.

*"I at least didn't swing the sword in different directions in the hope that it will eventually hit the target,"* She said quickly, looking directly at Steve; then she quickly approached Will, who was trembling sitting on the floor. *"Hey, all right?"* He raised his tear-stained eyes to her, which made Dior shiver a little.

*"Will, what happened?"* Mike asked, approaching. *"How did you end up here?"*

*"I don't know,"* He began in a trembling voice; still frightened, he grabbed Dior's hand, pressing against her. *"At first I was on the other side, I heard there some sounds, saw a demodog and ran here to hide,"* He went on in a whisper.

*"Then you ended up here on the true side,"* Lucas continued. *"You, probably, just now realized that you came back from the upside down here,"*

Everyone looked at the frightened Will, who curled up in a ball and grabbed Dior's hand, looked at everyone, and tears continued to run down his cheeks. For Dior, who for the first time was in this situation and for the first time face to face with the demodog, Will's condition seemed critically scary.

*"We need to take him to a safer place,"* Dior said.

*"Mr. Hill says there is no safer place than our school,"* even trying to defuse the situation, Dustin said; everyone stared at him sternly.

*"Now is not the time for jokes, Dustin,"* Lucas said sharply. *"It's time to get out of here,"* He turned to the others.

All quickly began to leave the classroom. Out of the corner of their eye, they noticed that *the class was slightly defeated* - some tables were knocked over, the flasks were lying on the floor along with the spilled substances, some papers lay on the floor. Exactly, here someone was before them. Steve also took a couple of pictures.

*"Where did you get the camera?"* Dior asked him.

*"I borrowed from a friend,"* He smiled easily.

*"Of course, you borrowed it,"* She went toward the exit from the classroom.

*"Are you going to take this... this sword with you?"* Steve asked her.

*"There's too many bad things around the school, Harrington, to I'll walk around empty-handed,"* She smiled at him and left.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 3 of the second chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for new chapter, darling.

## 5. The Spaceliner (Part 1)

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

Mrs. Lincoln's classroom is filled with a pleasant yellow light emanating from the playful spring sun. The woman told a new topic about the reserves of North America, but her inspired story attracted a young audience a little - someone played a prefix, someone read comics, someone chattered. The lesson was already ten minutes, but a crowd of students suddenly ran into the classroom.

*"Excuse me, Mrs. Lincoln,"* Dustin began with a broad smile. *"We stayed a little it the..."* He turned to his friends for help.

*"In the library,"* Max said.

*"Yes, we are preparing for an important history test,"* Lucas concluded.

*"I will believe you only because I don't want to spend too much time for disassembly,"* strictly, but with a smile said the teacher.

*"That's nice,"* smiled Dustin, and they passed into their seats. *"This is right for us,"*

*"And who are you?"* asked Mrs. Lincoln, staring at the little girl who was sitting on the left of Mike.

*"Eleven,"* She said softly.

*"Jane!"* Mike shouted, smiling at her. *"Her name is Jane,"*

*"Fine,"* The teacher smiled. *"Now sit down and write down the topic of the lesson,"*

Mrs. Lincoln started her story about the Yellowstone National Park again, showing off the photos of the park of different years on the

projector. For El this first day *was a new discovery* in her life. She listened to the teacher's stories with pleasure, while the rest of the class didn't give a shit about it. There were so many new people here and she was so close to them, *she didn't need to hide*. But still, at times the new atmosphere acted on her slightly frighteningly.

"Hey," Lucas said quietly to Mike, who was sitting on the left. "*Where's Steve? He said he knew who is the spacelier?* "

"Yes, *he talked about it on the radio,*" Mike began. "*But then we got too involved with the demodog, and then Will was almost killed,*" He looked sympathetically at Will.

"People," Dustin turned to them. "*Steve has not been seen in school for two days,*"

"*Where can he be? God forbid, something happened to him,*" said Lucas.

"*I don't know where he is or with whom, but I know someone who can know where he is,*" He smiled broadly. "*Difficult, but you got the gist of my words. Dior can know where he is, Nancy can also know,*"

"*Then after the lesson, you need to find one of them and ask about Steve,*" Lucas began, but the teacher interrupted him.

The kids again began to listen to the teacher's story and count the minutes until the end of the lesson. Mike looked from time to time at El, who was also sitting there and looking with curiosity all around, continuing to listen to the teacher.

---

The chemistry lessons of Mr. Palmer have always been one of the best. Today began a week of laboratory projects, when students every day present and show their chemical discoveries and stuff. The class was completely filled, only the desk, behind which Steve was sitting, was empty. He really wasn't in school for two days, but no one ever bothered to find out what was wrong with him.

*"So, perhaps our laboratory week will open by..."* The teacher paused for a second, looking at the class. *"Mr. Olsen,"* A young guy came to the board and began to prepare everything for his experiments. *"I'm even surprised that you are ready, I hope this is really your work,"*

The guy unfolded the flasks and spilled the substances, occasionally raising his green eyes to the waiting audience. He obviously worked very well for a long time, as he is very confident, which is very rare for him. A typical handsome boy who constantly scores for studies, because he is already popular in his environment.

When he had already prepared everything and wanted to start telling, Steve came into the classroom. He looked quite normal, he was not beaten and he slept well, so maybe he just sat for two days at home because of laziness.

*"I apologize for being late, Mr. Palmer,"* He continued to stand in the doorway; the teacher signed him into the classroom.

Steve quickly sat down on his seat, first glancing quickly to the right, where Dior was sitting. He often looked at her, than attracted her attention.

*"Stop staring at me,"* She threatened him. *"If you want to stare at me, I can give you my photo,"*

*"Stop,"* He said. *"I need to talk to you. This is very important,"* He stared at her intently. *"It's really very important,"*

*"Do I have to translate something again?"*

*"No, but it's just as important,"* He said; she nodded her head in agreement to talk to him.

Graham Olsen was already mixing all the substances, checking his papers every second. It was even hard to believe that he wrote and developed all this. But he did quite skillfully everything, so it was impossible to doubt his work.

*"If you add a little silver powder to the resulting substance, we will get a pretty strong mass in its capabilities,"* He continued, holding a flask with burgundy liquid. *"I have a piece of leather and, if I add the resulting*

*substance to the leather..." He gently poured a few drops on the leather; then came a slight hiss and a piece of leather began to slowly erode. "Then we will see that the leather began to slowly erode, if we had conducted this experiment on any living being, then in addition to corroding the skin," He hesitated and quickly grabbed his sheets. "We will also be able to observe a lack of coordination of movement, but not much, clouding of the eyes, a decrease in aggression and activity, as well as the formation of a dark blue mass in the internal organs,"*

Steve and Dior quickly exchanged glances, as if they heard something important in his words. They both looked at Graham, then at a piece of gnawing leather, then at each other.

*"The demodog was behaving the same way yesterday," Dior began, referring to Steve. "Violation of coordination, reduction of aggression, dark blue mass inside of its body,"*

*"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," Steve began. "And now we definitely need to discuss it, but along with Graham,"* He looked at the guy receiving praise from the teacher.

---

Steve was waiting for Dior near the astronomy class, the school day was drawing to an end and the last bell from the lesson was already ringing. Dior couldn't decide for herself last night with herself - she wants all this horror and demogorgons to be in the past and not touch her life, or she wants to know the whole truth and let all this madness into her life. She still didn't decide, but just went to Steve to quickly find out what he again needed.

*"I came, you can talk,"* She said, standing in front of him.

*"Wait a bit, we need a third person,"* Steve replied, looking for someone in the crowd as an apprentice coming out of the astronomy class. *"We need Graham Olsen, his astronomy is over just now,"*

*"Why do we need this Graham? He's also incredibly important to your..."*



*game,"* She smiled broadly; Steve looked at her, then turned away in annoyance. *"Here he is,"* She pointed to the guy who had left the classroom.

Steve quickly followed him, Dior caught up with him. Steve went to the guy and, slapping him in the shoulder and taking the edge of the t-shirt sharply pushed him to the wall between the lockers and the library.

Graham was greatly frightened by the unexpected appearance of the guys and, moreover, Harrington's rude behavior towards him. The guy tried to escape a couple of times from the grasp of Steve, but it didn't work and he decided to listen to them all the same.

*"What the hell are you doing?"* He asked in bewilderment. *"Let go of me,"* He tried again, but this time Steve pressed him even harder against the wall.

*"We only need one thing from you,"* Dior said calmly.

*"What, your mother, thing?"*

*"We need a written summary of your chemistry work, which you showed us today in class,"* Steve explained to him, continuing to hold him by the edge of his t-shirt.

*"Your mother, and because of this you attacked me and almost beaten?"* already with a smile asked the guy. *"You guys, of course, crazy,"*

*"Yes, we are crazy,"* Dior began, moving closer to the guy. *"And you know that it's better not to mess with crazy people, because sometimes they can beat a man and even kill him,"*

*"Okay, okay,"* said the guy, taking his chemistry work from his backpack. *"Take it, I don't need this faking work now,"* He said and left.

*"Could not you just ask him to lend us this work?"* Dior asked, and Steve looked at her, wide-eyed. *"You have to show your power,"*

*"Power, not power - it doesn't matter now,"* Steve began as he entered the library. *"Now it's important that this Graham can be the hunter,"* They sat down at a free table at the end of the library.

Steve put Graham's lab notes on the table, and also took out several photographs of the same ones that he did a few days ago at school, during a meeting with the demodog. Dior looked at his movements with a searching glance, probably wishing that he soon began.

*"Look," He finally said, showing her one of the photographs. "You see, the demodog's skin continued to corrode, and where the wound site is located, it is evident that in the internal organs there are those same dark-blue masses, about which Graham spoke,"*

*"And that's why you think Graham is the hunter? Because he was at school then, hanging out the first ingredients he got, hurled it at the beast and, God, almost killed him,"* She smiled at Steve, who was clearly annoyed by the fact, that she doesn't believe him, although it all converged.

*"He created the weapon, Dior, and if you carefully study his notes, you'll see that he didn't do it all spontaneously,"* Steve said and moved away from her a little. *"Even considering the fact that he is not a very good student, he could still invent all of this,"*

Steve's words really sounded a lot of powerful arguments, and Dior understood that too. They just couldn't understand, since Graham was on that day at school and had the honor of meeting with the awful faceless monster, why he behaved all these days as if nothing had happened to him. He has been the same for all these days as he was in all the other school days. Dior remembers his reaction to what she saw - she went to school for a couple of days, not talking to anyone, thinking different thoughts in her head.

*"Well, even if this is so, do you think that this Graham will agree to help us in... in such a case?"* Dior asked seriously, but Steve for some reason smiled broadly. *"Why are you smiling?"* She asked puzzled.

*"You said "us ",*" He continued to smile, joyful of the thought that she ranked herself in their company.

*"Now is not the time of sentimentality,"* She snapped, and Steve's smile faded. *"Do you think Graham will be involved in this?"*

*"Yes, he's the hunter,"* Steve began enthusiastically. *"Have you seen*

*how afraid he is of me? We should only threaten him and he will immediately join us,"*

*"I see that you only threaten and you know how,"* They exchanged broad smiles.

At this time, their table was again surrounded by a crowd of children breaking in at the speed of light. Along with them was El, who spent the whole day trying to stick with Mike. They stood on either side of the table, looking expectantly at Dior and then at Steve.

*"We don't want to find out where you've been all these two days,"* Dustin began. *"But a few days ago, even before meeting with the demodog, by radio, you told us that you know who is the spacelier,"*

*"So we came to know your guesses?"* said Max with a smile.

According to Steve's expression, one could understand that the moment to unveil the name of the enigmatic *the spacelier* was not chosen successfully. But sooner or later they all still find out the truth. At first he wanted to try to get around this conversation somehow, but still couldn't come up with a convincing reason.

*"It's just a guess,"* Steve began softly, looking around his friends. *"Maybe I can be wrong,"*

*"It doesn't matter, say it,"* Lucas insisted.

*"It's she,"* Steve said quietly, lifting his gaze to the girl sitting opposite him. *"It's Dior,"*

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 1 of the third chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for new part, honey.

## 6. The Spaceliner (Part 2)

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

The library is still crowded and sometimes quiet conversations are heard. At the end of the school day, many students go to the library to prepare projects and homework; today there are a lot of them. As if the whole school at once asked some big and important projects, (otherwise what would these children do here).

But at the end of the room was quiet and calm. There, behind a small wooden table, still surrounded by children, Steve and Dior who sat opposite each other. Everyone looked at him in surprise and misunderstanding, while he watched Dior's reaction with his usual gaze.

*"Why?"* Lucas finally asked. *"Why she? We know her only a couple of days and you're already making such conclusions,"*

*"He's right,"* Dustin supported him. *"In the spaceliner there must be something special that will help us in our complicated business,"* Dustin said, continuing to respect the confidentiality of their information.

*"She has this feature,"* Steve said quietly, for a moment shifting his gaze from Dior to Dustin and back.

*"God, Harrington, what are you talking about !? What a bullshit! "* Dior said loudly, and one of the students barked to her to stop talking. *"If it's loud, go read your books to the bathroom," she threatened the boy, and then turned away. "What makes you think that I'm... this ...,"*

*"The spaceliner,"* Mike prompted.

*"Yes, from what? Tell me honestly, you're crazy? "* She continued, expecting at least some explanation from Steve.

*"No, I'm completely still in my mind," He began. "Do you want to know why I think so?"*

*"We want to know why you think so," Lucas corrected him.*

*"You're a fucking genius, Marchelier," He continued with a smile, not taking his eyes off her. "All these codes that you decoded, who else could do it? You didn't decode them, you just copied them as if they had already been deciphered, for you it's all a spit and... I'm sure you can more,"*

*"Stop, Harrington, stop," Dior began. "My knowledge of the codes doesn't yet give you the right to call me the spacelier. Who is this at all? "*

The one who was emotionally affected by Steve's statement was Dior herself. All these few days she was tossed between "leaving all this madness outside of my life" and "maybe I can help them, it's interesting, damn it". And now Harrington just took and practically solved this dilemma for her, choosing the second.

But she didn't want to be so quickly identified with this; she just wanted to see, maybe they would have forgotten about her and got away. And then this statement, and even after everything that happened then at night in school. For her, everything happened too quickly and unclear, because they never explained exactly what was happening and what they were dealing with (Harrington in general continues to say that this is "for the game").

Now she was completely perplexed, listening to his explanations. She often gesticulated, turned away and turned back, rolled her eyes and spoke loudly. Perhaps she was just afraid to accept the fact that she is special and connected with all these incomprehensible incidents.

*"We believe," Dustin began. "Since the last fragment is one who closes the gate, the hunter is the one who will kill the demodogs, therefore, the spacelier is the one who performs all the analytical and brain work in this tandem,"*

*"That is...", Will began and stopped for a second. "You," he and everyone else looked at Dior.*

*"Lord, that's enough, I'm leaving,"* She said, rolling her eyes.

*"It's all converge, Dior,"* Steve continued. *"All these encrypted messages were a so-called brain work that only you could handle, and I know perfectly well what you're capable of. Your mother, I've been studying with you for eleven years, I understand perfectly well that you're smarter than you seem at first glance,"* He smiled slightly, looking at the girl.

*"And you're a fucking samurai, too,"* Dustin began with a broad smile, and they all brightened up and smiled. *"You are incredibly cool in fencing,"*

*"It's fun for you and for some reason not for me,"* Dior said, and the smiles from the faces of the guys immediately disappeared.

*"To further convince you of my rightness, look here,"* He put a piece of paper on the middle of the table, on which was written the word *the spacelier*, divided into two parts *the space\_lie*r.

*"What is it?"* trying to seem indifferent, Dior asked.

*"Do you see this part with 'lie'?"* Dior nodded in agreement. *"This is part of your surname, the last part,"* He added a part of the *mar*che to the *lie*r part.

*"Marchelie...",* read Dustin. *"Marchelie is her surname,"* He smiled, rejoicing that he guessed.

*"You see, everything has come together. We go further, who is your father? "*

*"A space engineer, working in NASA,"* She answered, realizing what he was going to say.

*"NASA, space,"* Lucas said, thinking. *"Space!"*

*"Boom, Miss Marschelie,"* Steve said, and leaned back in his chair.

*"It's really she,"* Dustin said in surprise. *"So that means we found the second person!"* He smiled widely, everyone was also happy.

*"No, guys,"* Dior said and began to pack her things in her bag. *"It's all*

*very interesting and exciting, of course, but not for me. Everything is happening somehow too quickly, so I hope that you will be able to cope without me,"* She finished and was already getting up from the table.

*"Wait,"* Steve said. *"Do you really don't believe me? All the same, you're the spacelier. You have to help us,"*

*"Enough of this nonsense, Harrington,"* The girl interrupted sharply. *"I don't understand what's going on with all of you and in your life, what kind of monsters and where they came from. What happens to poor Will, and why El has the ability to telekinesis? "* She was already heading toward the exit, but quickly returned back to Steve. *"And you know what, Steve, if you had not kept anything from me from the very beginning, maybe now I would have believed you and stayed,"* She quickly walked toward the exit and soon disappeared behind the library door.

*"She's right, Steve,"* Will began, and Steve turned to him. *"We had to tell her everything at once, back in our first meeting, here in the library, yes, we saw her for the first time and it was dangerous to tell her everything, but we can't doubt everyone. She helped us many times and we had a lot cases tell her everything,"*

*"Yes, Steve,"* Dustin intervened. *"We must tell her everything, today, now,"* Dustin said, and they all left the library.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 2 of the third chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for new part, honey.

## 7. The Hunter (Part 1)

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

But finding Dior quickly did not work. And in all the next few days no one saw her at school. None of her friends also knew where she was disappearing and why. The kids and Steve continued to search and ask about her, but everything was even. Some already prematurely recorded her as a victim of a demodog or some other bullshit.

Although, in fact, the girl was alive and well, and safely sat out at home, where she spent whole days studying the Graham's laboratory work, which she carefully and imperceptibly managed to take her to that day in the library.

She didn't want to show up at school yet, because there was always Steve, who the other day had the honor to write her into a genius who would help him and his friends save this whole damned city. She still couldn't cope with her dilemma, deciding between "I will help them, because it's not so horrible on the one hand" and "Lord, erase all this horror from my memory and leave me alone". But the fact that she was sitting for the third day, studying Graham's lab work, allows us to conclude that *she made her choice*.

---

A shrill ringing sounded the students of Hawkins High School that the lesson began. Hallways quickly emptied, the rumble of voices abruptly died down. Only those who had the good fortune to sit out the last lesson walked wearily along the corridor.

"Hey, I remember you," Cosmo began, referring to Dior who had approached him. "You're Dior, Harrington's friend," He leaned against



his locker, smiling broadly.

*"Now there is no time to exchange personal information,"* She said quickly. *"This is your work?"* She showed him the folder of papers, from Graham's laboratory work.

*"No,"* He replied, and tensed slightly. *"Why did you even take it? You saw yourself how Graham telling it,"* He tried to smile again, but this time his smile passed his lie.

*"No, darling, it's your work, and you know it, but you don't want to give out the details of how Graham took it from you,"* She smiled.

*"Even if it's my work, then, what's with that? Is it going to change something?"*

*"Oh, honey, it changes a lot then,"* She said quietly.

*"What did you say?"*

*"Nothing, let's go,"* She said, and went into a room; the guy came for her and closed the door.

It was a room for the display of photographs – a small dark room, all lit by bright red lamps; there were racks with film and cameras all around; on the walls hung some photographs. Dior threw the folder with papers on a wide metal table, opposite her was a slightly perplexed Cosmo.

*"And what will we talk about, my lady, in such a romantic atmosphere?"* trying to make a joke, Cosmo asked with a smile.

*"The red light is very romantic,"* The girl mumbled, looking for something in the folder with the papers. *"There,"* She said happily, holding out a sheet of paper to Cosmo.

This sheet of paper was different from all the others in the folder. All work was printed, and what was written on this sheet was written by hand. In addition, the text was written in a fast handwriting, as if a person was hurrying somewhere when writing this. At the very bottom, at the end of the text, a red pencil was written: *«Don't show at the lesson! Danger!»*.

*"You have already confirmed that this is your lab work," The girl began. "Now be kind, explain what this sheet is and what it means everything there is written?"*

*"If you think that I'm the first counter to tell all the secrets of my lab work, then you're deeply mistaken," He smiled broadly, looking at her.*

*"You'll tell me everything, otherwise how will you explain your night appearance at school? I hide the fact that you forged the keys and went to school at night, but only if you tell everything," She realized that he now doesn't get out, so again gave him a smile. "So what does this whole text mean, why is this mixture so dangerous?"*

*"You promise that you won't call me crazy, after my story?" He asked.*

*"Of course I won't," She smiled in a friendly way. "You're already crazy," She smiled softly, the boy reproachfully looked at her. "Well, okay, I don't have much time, so you'd better hurry. What did you see? "*

---

*(Cosmo's memories)*

*This lab work was very important for me, since I needed to get the highest mark. After all, I plan to go to Harvard. But in the afternoon, after the classes, I never had enough time to finish the work, to make it perfect in every sense. So I forged keys and worked at night at school.*

*I, like the last time, quietly sat in the chemistry room, wrote my work, while conducting experiments. That night, I decided to check all my experiments, so I had many different substances and cans on my table.*

*In the middle of work I briefly distracted, my brother called me. When I turned, there was an animal in front of me, more like a monster from fantastic thrillers. It was the size of a large dog, covered with some scales, or something like that. But most of all I was frightened by his face, or rather, his absence.*

*Then I really didn't understand what needed to be done to stay alive. Therefore, out of a state of panic, I imperceptibly passed into the state of the "great chemist". This creature slowly crept up to me, so I had a few of minutes to mix a couple of chemicals and reagents. After receiving the*

*mixture and praying to all the great chemists, I threw the flask with the mixture received in this monster.*

*But I didn't run right away, because there was a risk that he would still bite me. Waiting, I watched him. His coordination was broken, he ceased to shrill, but the most interesting was that his aggression abruptly subsided, and the skin began to corrode. You won't believe, but I calmly passed him from the classroom, and he didn't even notice me.*

*For myself in the class I left a huge mess and an eerie dying monster. When I ran back home, I first wrote down all the instructions on this sheet, so as not to forget how to get this lethal liquid. Suddenly, it would have once again come in handy.*

---

*"Stop," interrupted Dior. "How did your work turn out to be in Graham's hands?"*

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 1 of the fourth chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for new part, sweetheart.

## 8. The Hunter (Part 2)

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

The guys didn't manage to immediately tell Dior the whole truth. They searched for her for several hours throughout the school, but they didn't find her. Apparently, she immediately went home, and no one has dared to go there yet. The only hope was that the girl would show up the next day at school, but she didn't come. She didn't come in two days. Steve was so worried about her that he even decided to go to her half-witted brother to find out where she was. But he only sent him away again.

After a week of absence from school, Dior finally arrived. Although she wanted to avoid Harrington, but she needed him.

On that day in the library, when he informed her that she was one of the important figures in their business; then, leaving the library, she took with her the laboratory work, which they took from Graham. Yes, all these strange events surprised her and even frightened her, but they always beckoned her. Therefore, for all these days of absence, she carefully studied Graham's work and discovered many new things. Things that can help the guys with their problem.

Steve left the physics classroom when he saw Dior at the other end of the hallway. He immediately rushed to her, pushing the students on his way. The girl just stood at the end of the corridor, leaning her elbows on the wall and folding her arms across her chest, watching as Harrington scolded everyone who came across his path, just to get to her faster.

*"Where is your bit?"* She asked him. *" You could all scatter here,"* She smiled.

*"Where have you been all this time?"* He stared at her intently. *"We were*

*looking for you. We wanted... We wanted to tell you everything,"*

*"Really," She continued to smile, and this slightly annoyed Steve.  
"Finally, it's got to you, Mr. Harrington,"*

*"Stop it, I'm serious, where have you been all this time?" He still didn't take his eyes off her. "Graham's chemistry work is gone. Maybe you know where it is?"*

*"Of course I know," She pulled Graham's work out of her bag. "Here it is," Steve looked at folder in surprise.*

*"Have you stolen it from me?"*

*"I didn't steal, I borrowed it," She continued to smile, holding the papers in her hands. "And I need you now. I found something interesting, having studied this work, so don't plan anything for today's noon," She said.*

*"Are we meeting in your house?"*

*"Wow, how fast you are. No, in the library," She said, and walked along the hallway toward the history classroom.*

---

Noon. It's the same library, the same Hawkins High. Warm yellow sunlight filled the entire large library room. Everyone still was in class, so the room was empty, except for one wooden table in the middle of the room.

Dior sat in the familiar and comfortable position for her – she leaned back in her chair, one leg set on a nearby chair. For the hundredth time, she re-read the Graham's work.

Steve quickly entered the library, the door slammed behind him. He threw the backpack on one of the chairs; he sat down opposite Dior.

He was anxious to know what was so important and interesting this girl found, and where she disappeared all last week.

*"I came as quickly as I could,"* He began. *"Well, what have you got?"* He smiled.

*"Graham is not the hunter,"* She said straight away, straightening up. *"The hunter is Cosmo,"*

*"Stop what?"* Steve's smiling face was suddenly replaced by bewilderment. *"Do you remember what Graham did at the chemistry lesson? He almost killed the demodog,"* Steve said loudly.

*"It was Cosmo,"* Dior said distinctly and placed in front of him a sheet of paper, the one that was written by hand.

Steve carefully read the contents of the text, but still didn't understand anything. He looked at Dior and then at a piece of paper.

*"And what does all this mean?"* He finally asked. *"How does this confirm that the hunter is Cosmo?"*

*"I met him a couple of days ago,"* The girl began. *"At first he tried to deny it, he said that it wasn't his work, but later he told that he was at school that night, just finishing his lab project, where he meet with the demodog,"*

*"And then he created this semblance of weapons, which almost killed the monster?"* Steve asked, still puzzled.

*"Yes, trying to save himself, he stuffed some substances, getting that same burgundy liquid that Graham showed us. When Cosmo returned home after his nightly adventures, he wrote down everything on this sheet,"* She again pointed to a sheet of paper lying in the Steve's hands.

*"It's all, of course, interesting and sounds logical, but where did Cosmo's work come from in Graham's hands?"*

*"It's still more interesting here,"* Dior began with a smile. *"I don't know if you know, but Cosmo's sister Lydia is dating with Graham. The boy needed extra good chemistry marks, so he persuaded little Lidia to steal from her brother his work. Well, as you know, she did it perfectly,"*

Steve believed her, but something still pushed away from her story. Perhaps if Cosmo came along with her and confirmed her words, he wouldn't even have thought to doubt it. In the meantime, it is betrayed to rush between different conjectures.

*"You told him? Did you tell him that he is the hunter?"*

*"You're crazy, I'm not you, Harrington," She pushed toward him. "I don't put people before the fact, telling them that their purpose is to save this city and a couple of kids from a terrible death,"*

*"I'm sorry," He began softly. "I'm sorry. I really shouldn't have put you before the fact, having decided everything for you,"*

*"We'll talk about this later," Dior began, pulling the papers back into her bag.*

*"Now we need to find the kids, I think they will also be interested in hearing this," Steve said.*

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 2 of the fourth chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for new chapter, honey.

## 9. The Loss of The Last Fragment (Part 1)

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

Walking to the Hawkins Laboratory is a wonderful occasion to miss one day at school. Taking advantage of this occasion, the kids decided to make another sortie into the forest, but now not to catch the demodog.

Yesterday evening El again caught on the radio a wave, connecting them with the Laboratory. Two laboratory workers participated in the conversation, who said that the terrible hole in the laboratory wall hadn't only begun to grow, but had begun to absorb the Laboratory itself. Gradually, day after day, the laboratory premises were hidden beneath a thick, impenetrable, horrible film that threatened to absorb the entire Hawkins.

To prevent this, they need to close the gate as soon as possible and do it right. It is necessary to close it once and for all, to forget about it, as a terrible dream. This requires three people and a reliable team, which is already in principle available.

*"What are we looking for?"* Max asked, following the woods for her friends.

*"We need to find the Hawkins Laboratory,"* Lucas replied, looking around.

*"So this is it?"* She pointed to a gigantic white building, behind a high wire grid.

*"We don't just need to find this lab, we need to try to get inside,"* Lucas explained, continuing to look around. *"And do it as carefully as possible,"*



*"Now we can't risk," Mike began. "These guys in the lab are capable of everything, so we have to be careful,"*

*"Yes, or else they will catch us and start experimenting with us about all sorts of things," Dustin began laughing. "And will told to our parents that we have disappeared without information,"*

*"Who needs you, Dustin. You'll speak them to death faster than they catch you," Lucas said.*

*"Here we can enter," Mike said and ran to the sides of the hole, which was done in a wire grid.*

On the laboratory's territory there were always a lot of cameras, both outside and inside. It seemed that they guarded every scrap of their land. So it was dangerous, just to get to the lab. It was necessary to calculate everything.

The kids quickly made their way through the bars and hid behind one of the big trees, while Lucas was counting something and looking. El was with them, which in case of danger will help them to escape quickly. But she was also needed because she knew almost half of the Laboratory, and therefore she knew where to go.

*"Through this entrance, we can get in," Lucas said. "They're used it very rarely, so there is a high probability that there is no one at the entrance,"* the kids neatly ran towards the large metal door.

Entering inside, they were literally blinded by a bright white and blue light. It seemed that the whole room was lit up with LED lights, emitting such a sharp light. They covered their faces with their hands and *saw nothing more* in front of them.

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 1 of the fifth chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for new part, sweetheart.

## 10. The Loss of The Last Fragment (Part 2)

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

The last person, namely *the hunter*, was found. So Steve decided to immediately meet with the kids to tell them everything and discuss how to proceed. He walked along the half-empty school corridors, brightly lit by the white light of the lamps. He couldn't help taking Dior with him, even though she didn't want to go with him. But it was she who found *the hunter* and she's one of those three who should help them. So, she has no choice.

They went to the school parking lot, where only the teachers' cars and Steve's car were standing. The lessons were over for a long time, so all the kids parted wherever. Approaching the car, Steve quickly opened the door and threw the backpack into the back seat.

*"Sit down, we need to find them,"* He said to Dior, who stood aside and looked incredulously at Steve or the car. *"Stop, you can't always hate me, sit down and we'll find them,"* He said and got into the car.

*"By the way,"* said the girl, finally sitting in the car. *"I never hated you,"* She looked at Steve, who started the car.

*"Why then didn't want to get into the car?"* He looked at her, continuing to turn the key.

*"Because I know you by force a week,"* She smiled slightly; there was a noisy roar of the engine. *"And my father says that I can't get into a car with unfamiliar boys,"* looking at him, she smiled broadly.

*"I'm no longer an unfamiliar boy. We have more in common with you than you think,"* He said, and concentrated on the road.

They drove out on a long highway leading to the forest. Steve knew

about the children's love for "studying forest nature," therefore, without even thinking, he went to look for them in the forest.

Spring slowly woke up the sleeping nature. There was no snow for a long time now, the trees were gray with sharp and dry branches rising high into the sky, which was pure blue. In general, the grass was still old and yellows everywhere, but green glades were already visible in some places. About the spring also resembled the sonorous chirping of birds, especially in the mornings. The sun was dull and dumb, so its rays didn't radiate a drop of warmth; light breeze swung brittle branches.

*"Why did you take it that we have much in common?"* Dior asked.

*"You know more about me than others,"* Steve began, occasionally tearing his eyes from the road and looking at the girl. *"You know everything – about demodogs, about Will, about the gate and about many other things,"*

*"And it's crazy that I found out about all this in just a week, and then I was enrolled in a genius, and then also in saviors,"* She looked at Steve with a smile. *"Cool,"*

*"Stop it,"* He began. *"Sooner or later, we still should have told you about this, and you're really a genius, but for some reason you're afraid to admit it,"* He smiled broadly.

*"Stop calling me a genius,"* She threatened.

Although they studied together for ten years, they started talking only two weeks ago, then in the library. Previously, they knew about the existence of each other in the actively living school environment and this was enough for them. But now everything has changed dramatically. Their relationship to each other has changed dramatically.

Steve spent the last few weeks actively watching Dior, trying to learn something new about her. But very soon he realized that he couldn't get to know her better without communicating with her. Dior was the person who never disclosed all the information about himself in the first few meetings. Therefore, many didn't communicate with her for

more than two days – she never told anything about herself until she was asked about it and *until she was sure of the person*.

Many people love when their interlocutor tells something about themselves, but this isn't the case with Dior. The only thing that people could know about her was what she had written in her personal file – name and surname, age, place of birth, parents and relatives, parents' place of work, place of residence, subjects that she's studying. *Nothing more*. She must be solved as a *complex puzzle*. And Steve was going to do it.

They decided to go to the place where the «Byers Castle» was. Steve decided that it was there the kids could be, discussing the latest developments.

"*Why are you acting this way?*" After a long silence, Steve suddenly asked.

"*What?*" Dior asked in bewilderment, staring at Steve.

"*I mean... Uh...*" He began with a little bewildered, the girl continued to stare at him. "*I mean, you look less intelligent at first sight,*" He said and Dior laughed softly. "*I mean, you look more mean, more arrogant and bitchy,*" He grinned, causing a smile from her. "*And again, only at first sight. Therefore, why are you acting this way?*" forgetting that he is driving a car, he looked at her intently.

He saw that the girl was a little embarrassed by his question. Her gaze flew back and forth; she squeezed into the car seat, trying not to meet Steve's gaze. Yes, she had known him for two weeks and knew about a very important part of his life, which he doesn't even tell his parents. He dragged her into this, but he hid all these important details for too long. Suddenly he is hiding something else important?

The only people she trusted were her father (yes, she trusted him even more than her mother) and her best friend Tilia. One day, she decided that *she had been betrayed and abandoned many times*, so she became a puzzle for other people. But maybe it's time to let somebody into her life?

"*Why do you need to know this?*" Finally asked the girl, for a second

looking at Steve, then again staring at the landscape in front of her.

*"Because it's strange,"* Steve began, now and then distracted from the road and glancing at Dior; she looked him squarely in the eye, and then looked away. *"It's strange because you are incredibly smart, you know mathematics better than our mathematics teacher,"* She again smiled slightly. *"You read a lot all the time, but for some reason you don't do it in public places, you are magnificent in fencing,"* He didn't stop.

She only pretended to look at the landscapes that flashed before her. In fact, she listened to every word he said, afraid of missing something. He just sat there and almost admired her, looking at her more and more often. This was the first time in many years when someone (except her father) spoke of her like that.

*"I'm already silent about your knowledge of various ciphers,"* He continued; Steve spoke rather quickly, as if he was telling some fascinating story. *"Codes that you translate as if they have already been translated and you just copy them. Hey, you need to look around, perhaps in your immediate environment there is someone with similar interests or someone who would like to know you better, "* He looked at her, waiting for an answer to his speech.

*"For example, you?"* She asked with an irritated smile.

*"Perhaps,"* He stared at the road. *"But I'm not just talking about myself, there are a lot of us, Dior, a lot,"* He turned back to her with a smile in his eyes and face. *"You're an incredibly interesting person and I didn't understand it right away, but I understood it now. Just know, not everyone loves puzzles, Dior,"* a second pause. *"But you're much better than I thought, and your constant sarcasm and jokes. It's nice,"*

*"Are you trying to fill me with compliments?"* asked the girl with a sarcastic smile.

*"Wait... What?...",* Steve was confused. *"No... Of course not, I just want to know why you're acting like this?"* without giving up, he asked again.

*"Maybe because I want it,"* She began, looking at him. *"Maybe acting this way I fell myself more... Well, you know, 'me'... It's just my*

*personality, Harrington, and nothing else... So if you don't like my personality, then..."*

*"No, I like you... More precisely, I meant I like your personality,"* He lost his former confidence and was confused after what he said, his cheeks even flushed slightly and he avoided looking at her. *"Especially, your ability to decipher texts,"*

*"You, too, have changed after everything that happened in your life,"* She began with a smile.

*"Yes,"*

*"It was not a question, Steve,"* She explained. *"I remember there were times when Steve Harrington was one of the most popular, hot and handsome guys in all of Hawkins High School, every girl wanted to date with you,"*

*"And you too?"* He asked with a smirk.

*"Oh, I'm sorry, it's a mistake, not "every girl, but "most girls". And I was not in this majority, thank God,"* The girl said with a broad smile.

*"Ok, I'm not popular anymore?"*

*"Yes, Harrington, you're no longer popular, you've changed,"* She stared at his eyes, who were looking at her, then at the road. *"You forgot the importance of being always and everywhere the best. You changed your popularity to your friends, and after you did that, you were thrown off the pedestal of "the hottest guys in Hawkins High,"*

*"Is it bad?"* He asked with a shadow of misunderstanding.

*"No, I didn't say it is bad, on the contrary, I meant it's good to see you changed,"* She smiled slightly. *"Because when you were "the guy that all the girls ran after", you behaved like an asshole,"* They both laughed, then defused the steady tension.

*"Well, thank you, Miss Marchelier,"* continued to laugh, said Steve.

*"But now you are much better,"* calmly, without laughter and smiles, said Dior, staring at her fingernails.

Steve realized that he can't immediately flood her with questions about her life and hobbies. The first thing he needed to know was why she's acting this way, why she behaved like this. Now he knew and understood how he had to act to solve a puzzle called Dior Marchelier.

She was like one of those ciphers that he couldn't decipher, and she could. Dior helped him decipher all past texts, now *she must help him decipher her puzzle.*

After the words spoken by Dior, they were silent. Long. Whole two minutes. As much as two minutes of almost total and tense silence, under the music of the growling motor.

*"Do you like music?"* unexpectedly for both of them, Steve asked.

*"Are you serious?"* asked the girl with a smile.

*"Hey, what's wrong... I'm just trying to defuse the situation,"* He replied, smiling. *"It's better than sitting in silence,"*

*"So you decided to turn on the radio?"*

*"Why not, I've got a couple of good tapes here, for example..."*

*"Shut up!"* Dior abruptly and rudely interrupted him.

*"What?"* Steve asked in surprise, staring at her.

*"Shut up,"* She repeated, and began to listen to something. *"Do you hear anything?"* She asked still surprised Steve.

The car braked sharply and rose in the middle of the road. They looked at each other, trying to understand where strange sounds come from. It was some hissing or rustling, or even someone's breathing.

*"Radio!"* Steve understood. *"Find the radio, it's in my bag,"* Steve said.

Dior quickly found a walkie-talkie in his bag and they began to wait for the sounds to appear again. It took about half a minute before heavy breathing was heard at the other end of the device... Dustin.

*"Steve, can you hear me?" Dustin asked, barely breathing. "Son of a bitch, answer me!"*

*"Hey, Dustin," Dior began. "What happened? Where are you?"*

*"Oh... Who is this?"*

*"This is Dior,"*

*"Oh, do you have a date? Sorry to distract you,"* He smiled at that moment.

*"Dustin, stop talking nonsense," Steve began. "And tell us where you are?"*

*"All right, all right," Dustin said quickly. "At first we wanted to look into the laboratory, we heard another conversation about the gate and stuff,"* his breathing began to come back to normal. *"Lucas found, he said, a safe entrance to the lab, but he was not very secure,"*

*"Closer to the point, boy," Dior said.*

*"We went in and we were blinded by some very bright light, literally burned our eyes. In addition to these lights, we didn't see anything else in this fucking lab. Apparently, they cut us out, and when we woke up, we were already in the forest,"* heard a rustle, someone snatched the radio from the Dustin's hands.

*"Steve, Dior," Mike began in a frightened, tearful voice. "They took her. They kidnapped El,"*

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 2 of the fifth chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for new chapter, honey.



## 11. The Loss of The Last Fragment (Part 2)

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

Still there was a day. Steve rushed along the highway as fast as he could; Dior remained silent the rest of the way and looked only in front of her. The kids said they would wait for them in the woods near the «Byers Castle».

Now everyone didn't care about the gate, demodogs and *the hunter*, the main problem now was El, who was abducted by laboratory workers. They didn't have this right, because a few months ago, Chief Hopper, received custody of the girl, as well as a paper that assured the fact that the girl at number eleven is no longer needed by the laboratory. Then why did they break the established rule and kidnap her?

Running out of the car, they quickly headed towards the side where the «Castle» was. Dior was light, but Steve didn't forget to take his bat with him.

*"You know where this... castle is?"* Dior asked.

*"Of course,"* Steve answered, looking around. *"I saw it once,"*

*"Is it a straight true castle of stone with towers?"* with a smile, the girl asked.

*"Uh, no, of course,"* Steve smiled. *"This is a chic mansion of withered branches and old boards, reminiscent of a barn,"* They laughed softly.

*"Pretty stylish and practical,"*

*"Of course,"* Steve said, and a few minutes later they noticed a movement in the distance.

They speeded up the pace and again became serious. Coming ever closer to the flashing silhouettes, they began to distinguish the figures of the kids. Everyone was, as always, together. Everyone except El. Will with Mike was sitting on the ground near the "Castle", Dustin and Lucas was pacing up and down, Max was looking for something in the distance. They were all upset, there were no smiles on their faces, they were silent.

"Hey!" Steve shouted to them, coming up; they looked in his direction all with the same sad faces, which greatly upset him. *"Hey, guys, we'll think of something,"* he tried to encourage.

*"How did it happen?"* Dior asked.

*"Well, basically, we've already told everything on the radio,"* Dustin began. *"We went in and immediately dazzled this light, so bright and... acrid,"*

*"We didn't see anything else,"* Lucas continued. *"We don't know exactly what they did to us, but the next thing we saw was a forest, that is, they somehow cut us out and transported back to the forest, away from the laboratory,"*

*"But we didn't even feel anything after seeing this light,"* Will interjected, sitting next to Mike near the «Castle». *"No strikes, no injections, nothing,"* He looked frightened.

*"But they somehow cut us out,"* Lucas said again. *"What kind of weapon is it that can turn a person off instantly for several hours?"*

*"Gas,"* Dior said after a moment's thought, and all looked sharply at her. *"There are a lot of corrosive gases that can put a person to sleep, something like anesthesia, you breathe in and after a few minutes or even seconds are already off,"* Everyone listened attentively to her, without looking away.

Dior was right. You can kill a person without using physical strength or any physical manipulation. Moreover, if they were in a huge laboratory, where people every hour come up with something new and unusual; in a huge laboratory, where people create strong weapons from children, which is difficult to cope with.

The principle of anesthesia perfectly described and confirmed what happened with the kids. With anesthesia, you need to inhale an inhalational anesthetic that will put you to sleep for an hour, or even more. In the Hawkins Laboratory work far from being stupid, so they were quite capable of correctly preparing and calculating the dose of "soporific gas" or a strong anesthetic.

*"Something like nitrous oxide or "soporific gas "?"* Steve specified.

*"Yes, but here it isn't completely clear whether this was a strong anesthetic or «soporific gas»,*" The girl continued. *"You went in and the light hit you straight in the eyes, so you didn't notice a couple of gas and didn't even feel it. If they correctly calculated everything and gave the right dose of this substance, then you had enough and a couple of seconds to shut off,"*

*"Doesn't gas have a specific smell?"* Max asked.

*"Many anesthetics have no color or smell,"* Dior explained. *"Nitrous oxide is colorless and practically odorless, the "soporific gas" is colorless and has a hard-to-notice smell, but you wouldn't have had time to feel it. These guys in the laboratory calculated everything too accurately. The average dose of the same anesthetic would be great enough to lull you all,"*

*"I adore her,"* Dustin said to Dior.

*"We must take you home,"* Steve interjected. *"On the way, we'll talk about everything else. Let's go,"* He said, and walked toward the highway, everyone followed him.

---

Steve wanted to get the kids out of the woods as soon as he thought they needed a home atmosphere (or any other, but not wooded) so they could calm down and forget about everything that happened today in the laboratory. So he hurried them to go home as soon as possible.

Almost half way all went in silence, only their footsteps and chirping of birds could be heard. Each of them thought about one, thinking a

thousand times of different options for the development of events.

Unexpectedly for everyone, Steve stopped and began to look out for something in the distance. Everyone was alert and also began to peer in the direction in which he was looking. On the other side of the forest, a man was moving toward them – the figure was vague, but it was definitely a man.

"Who is it?" Dior asked, stepping up to Steve; he quickly looked at her, then again looked away.

"It's the hunter," with a smile and quietly, so that the kids wouldn't hear, he replied and slowly walked to the side where the guy was coming from.

It really was Cosmo – a potential *hunter*. He wore a long black coat with a high collar, it was wide open, so all could see a white sweater with a high collar too. In this outfit, he was more like a gangster or detective than a seventeen-year-old teenager. In his left hand he held some long *flasks sealed with black electrical tape*.

"What are you doing here?" Steve asked him when the guy approached him. "What are you wearing?"

"Hello," ignoring his questions, he said and quickly looked at everyone with a surprised look. "What are you doing here? With kids," He asked in surprise.

"...Walking," Steve answered with a tight smile.

"We're studying with the eighth-graders all the diversity of the virgin spring nature," Dior added with a smile. "What are you doing here, Sherlock Holmes?"

"Remember, I told you about that... monster," approaching them closer, he began quietly. "I've been thinking about this for several days already, and I can't get rid of these thoughts, as if they want to be in my head," a note of fright was heard in his voice.

"And what do you want to do?" Steve asked him.

"I don't exactly know yet," He began, nervously rubbing his temples

with his fingers. *"But after talking to you, Dior, I realized that by mixing all these substances, I got something like a weapon,"* a slight smile appeared on his face; Steve and Dior exchanged glances. *"This substance,"* He raised his hand for a second, in which he held the sealed flasks. *"Capable of killing this creature, well, or at least temporarily defusing it,"*

*"How long have you been here?"* Steve asked.

*"I didn't count, but about two hours,"* Cosmo said, a little upset. *"Wandered around here, waiting for this monster, I don't know, maybe I'm just a bit walking here. I want to kill off this creature anyway,"*

*"We don't think you should walk here alone, it's much more dangerous than you can imagine,"* Steve said.

*"Guys!"* Dustin called them, but they didn't even turn around.

Talking with Cosmo, they were both very busy with this conversation, because they weren't yet sure whether he was *the hunter* or not. Kids all this time stood aside, tired and exhausted, waiting for them. But then they noticed some movement far, far away. And this movement was not like a walking person. Kids pricked up and quickly got to their feet and approached Dustin.

*"Damn,"* Lucas said softly. *"Is it really...,"*

*"Damn, Steve, Dior!"* cried Dustin and ran to them; they were frightened of his sudden appearance. *"There! In the distance! Something is moving, but this isn't a man!"*

*"Hell!"* Steve cursed and went to the place where the kids stood: Dior and Cosmo also approached him.

*"It seems to me or it's time to get out of here,"* Lucas asked sarcastically. *"There're enough surprises for today, guys,"*

*"It doesn't seem to move even,"* Max said, and for about a minute they all stared into the distance, watching the demodog.

*"But that's only for now!"* Dustin shouted and they all immediately rushed headlong through the forest, towards the highway.

Now Hawkins is again populated by a whole pack of demodogs, which at any moment is capable of killing an innocent person. The guys ran very fast, now and then banging their hands against the bare branches of trees and bushes. To their ears came again this terrible and echoing cry of a faceless monster, which excites every cell of the body.

*"Run as fast as you can!"* shouted Steve, continuing to run. *"We'll soon reach! I can see my car!"* He even smiled slightly, rejoicing that he would soon take them away from this horror.

*"Where is your friend?!"* Continuing to run, Max asked.

*"What?!"* Steve asked.

*"Where is your friend? He is no more with us!"* she said, and they began to slow down, and Dior stopped altogether.

*"Hey, are you crazy?!"* Dustin asked, translating the heavy breathing. *"Come on, run, a little bit left!"* even though they didn't run, he kept shouting.

*"I hear nothing more,"* She said quietly, which frightened everyone. *"No, I'm sorry,"* She laughed softly, then again became serious. *"I mean, I don't hear demodog shouting anymore,"* She turned to the side where the monster was chasing them, then turned back. *"And it's not after us anymore,"*

All continued to hardly transfer a heavy breath, after "spring running marathon in the forest". After Dior's words, everyone was even more alert, and in front of everyone there was obvious fright. The girl continued to stand and look at everyone, as though expecting from them at least some reaction to her words. For a full minute they were just silent, listening to their rapid breathing.

*"How could a demodog just disappear?"* Mike finally asked.

*"Cosmo,"* Steve said, and they all stared at him.

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 2 of the fifth

chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for new part, honey.

## 12. The Loss of The Last Fragment (Part 3)

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

"Why?!" Lucas asked loudly, sitting in the back seat of the car with the other kids. "*Why the hell do you think that Cosmo is the hunter?*" He was perplexed.

As soon as they broke away from the pursuit of the demodog, or rather after Cosmo killed it, Steve quickly put all the kids and Dior in the car and took them away from all this forest nightmare. Although there was little space in the car, all five "adventure hunters" fit comfortably on the back seats.

Steve, along with Dior, still decided to tell the kids that they found *the hunter*. That they found *the hunter*, which is Cosmo. They became even more convinced of this after an hour ago they had the good fortune to meet him in the forest, hunting for an faceless monster, holding *his weapon in sealed flasks*.

"*That,*" Steve began, not looking up from the road. "That he was that night in school, and if it were not for him and his weapon, we wouldn't have managed to save Will,"

"*Besides,*" Dior joined, turning to Lucas. "In his lab work there is a sheet with a hand-written text, in which he described in detail how he made this burgundy substance,"

"*But why such hasty conclusions ?!*" Lucas didn't stop.

"*Hasty?*" Steve asked him in surprise. "We spent a week analyzing his work, digging up each letter,"

"*We?*" Dior asked with a smile.

"*I was the one who took the work papers, and you were the one who*



*studied it, so we," He explained. "Moreover, Dior spoke with him and he told that he was that night in school, working on all the same lab work,"*

*"We don't even know him?"* Dustin joined in the conversation.

*"Forgive me, but my ignorance didn't stop you all from writing me first to a genius, and then to saviors,"* Dior said. *"None of you have known me for more than a few days, but that didn't stop you from doing it,"* She alternately looked at each of the kids, then at Steve.

*"Yes..., " sighed Steve. "She's right, we didn't know her, but we didn't make a mistake. What you do not like is that Cosmo is the hunter? What other proof do you need? "*

*"Yes, we know that it was he who mixed up various substances, having received "weapons of mass destruction of demodogs", "Lucas began calmly. "Yes, he knows chemistry very well, but we don't have any visual evidence, "*

*"Visual evidence,"* Max repeated with a smile.

*"I mean, we need to see for ourselves how he kills one of the monsters,"* Lucas explained. *"Yes, maybe today he killed him, but that's not certain, we don't know that for sure, so the next time we meet the monster and Cosmo will be with us, we need to see what he can do with it,"*

*"And how will you do it?"* laughed Dustin. *"Come to him and say: "Hello, Cosmo. Let's go kill demodogs", "*

*"Is this an idea?"* Steve said, and all eyes stared at him. *"After that day, he hunts a demodog. Today in the forest, by the way, he was doing the same. He told us that he wants to kill this creature. So let's give him the opportunity to kill all these monsters,"* He said with a smile.

---

Steve brought all the kids home, the last he took Dustin. Back in the car, where he was expected by Dior, he didn't move, but just sat down and began to think about something.

After talking about Cosmo, no one said a word. Everyone rode in silence, thinking each of their own; silence would be intolerable if the music was not playing in the car. But Steve was well aware that they

all thought about El, namely how to get her back.

At first Dior didn't dare to interrupt Steve's silence, thinking that he was thinking about something important. But after a few minutes she began to strain a little his silence and his face, looking to nowhere.

"Hey, are you asleep?!" loudly, with a smile asked the girl, snapping fingers in front of his face; Steve started and rubbed his eyes. "If you don't want to take me home, then I can go on foot,"

"No, no, it's not because of you," He smiled and turned to her. *"It's just... We need to solve the problem with El. We need to get her back somehow. I saw kids' faces today and you can believe, I've never seen them so upset. It really hurt me, so I want to help them, if for a while we have to forget about the hunter and everything else,"* His voices sounded frustrated and at that moment Dior realized for the first time how dear these kids is to him.

"And what should we do to save her?" She asked, Steve turned to her with a smile.

"We?"

"Well, you wrote me down as saviors. So, let's go and save an innocent girl," She smiled.

"First we have to tell everything to Hooper," Steve began, starting the car. *"He's her guardian and he has long struggled for the laboratory to leave the girl alone, so he should know about what happened,"*

Steve left for the road and drove towards the Chief Hooper's house.

---

After the Chief received custody of the girl and she no longer needed to hide from the laboratory workers, they moved to a small house, not far from where Dustin lived. The Chief in Hawkins aren't so rich as to afford to buy a two-story villa with a pool in the backyard, but they are quite capable of buying a cute little house, with a small garden.

This was the Hooper's "mansion". A small brown-gray house, with a green lawn on the driveway and a burgeoning garden in the

backyard. The Chief sat on a terrace fenced with a white fence; on a small round table stood a mug with unfinished black coffee.

He didn't even hear the car drive up and how Steve and Dior came out of it. Apparently, someone had a hard shift at work. Hooper was in uniform, but without a police shirt – only a white tank top and trousers – he smoked and read the newspaper.

"Hello," quietly said Steve, standing near the round table; the Chief quickly looked up at him.

"Oh, Steve," without taking out the cigarette or cleaning the newspaper, he said. *"Come on, sit down,"* He put down the newspaper; Steve and Dior walked slowly around the table and sat on either side of the Chief. *"I see you're not alone,"* He smiled at Steve, pointing to Dior.

*"This is Dior,"* The girl exchanged a welcoming smile with Hooper. *"My friend,"*

*"I remember I also had a friend,"* The Chief began with a broad smile. *"A year later I already had a daughter from her,"* He laughed, looking at the guys.

*"Uh...,"* Steve said, not knowing where to start. *"Something happened today... We thought that you need to inform the first one, because you're the Chief...,"* it was obvious from Steve's face that he was confused.

*"Closer to the point, man. I'm generally surprised to see you here,"*

*"Yes, I couldn't help coming... We...,"* He looked at Dior with a look shouting "help me!".

"So, Chief," Dior began. *"Today in the forest, not far from the Hawkins Laboratory, there has been a terrible incident, which you must first learn about,"* She said with such confidence and seriousness that she surprised both Steve and Hooper.

After all that happened in her life, namely after numerous betrayals by friends and especially mother, she easily began to cope with difficult situations and easily took the situation into her own hands. It was easy for her to talk about losses, break ups, quarrels and so on;

but the strangest thing about her behavior was that she never talked about it with others (except her father and bff).

Now for her it was easy to inform Hooper that his daughter had been abducted. This incident frightened her no less than the others. But she found the strength to tell everything, without confusion and fright in her eyes.

*"You won't be surprised to learn that the kids participated in it,"* She continued, her hands clasped on the table. *"They heard a conversation from the laboratory, about the gate and demodogs, and their childish curiosity led them to a laboratory where they couldn't move a step, as they were put to sleep,"* the Chief's face changed dramatically and became serious.

*"Where are they?"* He became agitated, intending to get out of the table.

*"Don't worry, they have long been home,"* said the girl.

*"Everyone except El,"* The Chief said in a frightened voice. *"What's wrong with her? What did they do to her?"* his voice became exactly half a tone louder.

*"We don't exactly know, the kids either,"* Steve began. *"They said that when they entered the laboratory they were blinded by an incredibly bright light and they saw nothing more. When they woke up, they were already in the forest, and El was not there,"*

*"How?... How did they put them to sleep? Hit them? "*

*"No, it was just "soporific gas" or one of the strong inhalation anesthetics used in anesthesia. The laboratory clerks calculated the right dose and put the kids to sleep for a while,"* said Dior.

*"Thank you for letting me know so quickly,"* Hooper rang out, quickly getting up from the table, pulling on his shirt.

*"Where are you going?"* Dior asked him in surprise, while he rushed about the terrace in search of his hat and gun.

*"I need to visit these guys,"* He found a hat and a gun. *"Because they*

*promised me something completely different from the kidnapping of my daughter,"* He got into the car at the speed of light and a minute later he was on the other side of the street.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 1 of the sixth chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for new part, darling.

## 13. Things Are Getting Worse

### Summary for the Chapter:

The Chief Hopper goes to the lab to get his daughter back and find out what the lab is up to. The head of the laboratory talks about the terrible things connected with the gates. Can Hopper save his daughter? After all, things are getting worse.

### Notes for the Chapter:

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Steve and Dior still sat behind a small white table on the terrace of the Hopper's house. They were not that surprised, but more frightened by the rapid disappearance of the Chief. These guys in the lab are capable of everything, so they can do anything with Jim.

*"I think we should go after him,"* after some silence, said Steve. *"To hedge, in case something happens to him,"*

*"Do you think they can cut him down with an anesthetic, too?"* Dior asked with a smile.

*"No, they can hit him on the head,"* Steve replied. *"If you want, you can stay and I'll go alone,"* He said quietly.

*"God, Harrington, stop pushing on pity,"* She said irritably, rising from the table, and, not looking at Steve, walked slowly toward the exit from the terrace. *"We both know that if you go alone, then something must happen to you,"* She went to his car; Steve quickly got up from the table and caught up with her.

*"We need to go faster,"* They got into the car. *"Maybe we can catch up with him and tell him that we'll wait outside,"* came the booming roar of the engine and the car started to move.

He rode rather quickly, trying to overtake the Chief's car, but it never appeared in their field of vision. Then they decided to just go back to the lab and wait for Hopper near the entrance to the building.

"Steve," Dior called him; he quickly turned to her, then again stared at the road. *"This... this Hopper, he's an alcoholic?"* from such an unexpected question, Steve's eyes opened wide.

*"What? Where did you get this from?"*

*"Because he looks like an alcoholic – unshaven, shirtless, drinks a hundred years ago coffee, reads a newspaper printed dozens of years ago, and his speech is slower – than not an alcoholic?"*

*"No, he's not an alcoholic, Dior,"* Steve smiled. *"Jim is a good person, he always helps everyone, but he looks like that, because he works a lot and basically works until late at night. He is not drunk; he is sleepy and wildly tired,"*

Dior was right, at first glance Jim Hopper looks like a novice alcoholic, but Steve was also right. Now in the sheriff's house there was one more person about which it is necessary to care and which it is necessary to contain. With children, there is always a lot of trouble and waste, so Jim began to work harder and harder to have enough money to provide himself and El. That's why every morning, after a late shift and a four-hour sleep, he doesn't look very presentable.

But Hopper even liked to look so, casually, but at the same time neatly. After past nightmares with the upside down and the gate, he hoped that everything is already behind him, and El and her friends aren't threatened. But his little girl was kidnapped. She was kidnapped by people, who promised him never to pursue her more and not touch her. Hopper hated, when the people didn't hold back their promises, so learning about this, he is ready for anything to get his daughter back.

---

The basement in the Wheeler's house was never so empty and here it was never so dark and quiet. Usually there are always a lot of

children playing and arguing about something, loud screams and loud laughter always come to the upper rooms, and after the guests leave, colorful candy wrappers and crumbs lie there for a long time.

In the room only one lamp is lit, barely illuminating so much large space. The dim, yellow-orange light diverges far, far away and is lost somewhere in the void, it seems, even from the wax candle of light there will be more than from this bulb.

*"El, can you hear me?"* Mike asked for the thousandth time, his voice sounded tired. *"It's Mike, please say something,"* his voice sounded as if he was about to cry. *"Do you hear me? Do you hear?"* He didn't stop.

It is impossible to describe how much dear was for Mike this girl and how much he was dear to her. Someone will laugh when they hear that it is *love*, but it is it, in its purest and innocent form.

El was dear not only to Mike, but to all his friends too. Everyone is trying to find a way to save her, help her, and at the same time end all this horror accompanying them for a very long time. For Mike, it's important to at least hear her breathing through the radio; it will already let him know that she is alive. If everything goes well, he will even be able to find out where she is, what is being done to her.

*"El! Eleven!"* He repeated and repeated, sitting in a hut. *"It's very important for all of us to hear you. Do you hear me?"*

He sat in the basement for three hours, repeating the same phrases several hundred times. His eyes are ready to close, plunging him into a dream, but he kept his eyes open, though his eyelids began to grow heavy. Mike wasn't going to lose hope, he was sure that she would answer him.

The light from the light bulb shook slightly. Mike almost fell asleep, lying in a hut among pillows, blankets and sheets. In front of him stood a walkie-talkie, surrounded by an absolute silence.

*"Mike,"* the voice called softly. *"Mike,"* the boy quickly jumped from his pillows, not fully understanding what was going on. *"I hear you, I'm here...,"* her voice sounded as if she was very frightened and crying. *"And I'm scared,"*



---

As soon as Jim drove up to the main entrance of the laboratory, he jumped out of the car and quickly ran into the main hall, where several clerks sat at the table, startled, after the sudden appearance of the Chief. He approached one of the workers.

*"Where is Dr. Brenner now? Where is the bloody David Brenner?!"* He shouted so loudly that the poor administrators were frightened; He took one of the men by the collar and roughly pulled him. *"Either you take me to him right now, or I'll kill you and everyone in this damn place!"* He threatened.

After Dr. Martin Brenner – the former head of the Hawkins Laboratory and the chief investigator in affairs with children who, according to him, have had paranormal abilities – was killed, many wanted to take his place. But it was possible only to his eldest son, who always admired his father and his scientific discoveries.

The thirty-five-year-old, educated and successful David Brenner resumed lab work, continuing what his father had started. By nature they were identical to each other, not a drop of difference.

*"Let my worker go, Chief Hooper,"* Dr. Brenner calmly asked, adjusting the cufflinks. *"The police can reprimand you for threats,"* The man smiled. *"We don't want you to have problems with the law,"*

Jim also rudely pushed the clerk into place, approaching Dr. Brenner with rapid steps.

*"Where is my daughter, you son of a bitch?!"* He cursed in a voice full of incredible anger, it seemed, even a little bit, and Jim would hit the doctor. *"They promised me that they would never touch her again, but today they took her and kidnapped her, where is my daughter?! "*

*"Let's talk about this in a place without a pile of witnesses,"* The doctor suggested in the same calm tone.

A few minutes later they were both in a spacious room, the walls of which were completely white. In the middle stood a rectangular

table, two chairs, a long mirror hung on the wall – that's all that was in here.

David Brenner suggested the Chief sit down, but he didn't even hear his request and continued nervously pacing the room back and forth, never taking his eyes off the still quiet doctor. The pompous tranquility of Dr. Brenner took the Chief out of himself, but for the sake of his daughter he kept himself. He remembers that he didn't come here to dissolve his fists, but to save his daughter.

*"Just give me back my daughter,"* He said, calming down. *"You didn't have any right to take her. This document,"* He threw a sheet of paper with a laboratory seal on the table. *"Officially assures me that you no longer have any rights to the girl at number eleven. So why the hell did you steal her?!"*

*"I'm not sure if you know what's happening in our lab now,"* Dr. Brenner began. *"But the gate opened again and not just opened, but began to absorb our entire laboratory,"*

*"I don't care about your lab,"* Jim interrupted. *"Just give me back my daughter,"*

*"The fact is, Mr. Hopper, that if we don't close the gate in time, they can absorb the entire beautiful Hawkins and we will all either die, or live our worthless lives on the upside down,"* The doctor's voice became harsh and sharp.

*"Why do you need El?"* asked Hopper.

*"The fact is that we need not only her,"* The doctor began, moving slowly around the room from side to side. *"We need to collect all our experiments that are still alive. Yes, we can't collect all eleven, but we will definitely be able to collect all six,"* The man smiled broadly. *"And your daughter is one of them,"*

*"What do you want to do with them?"*

*"We need such a powerful force that can close this gate once and for all, for this we need to collect all our experiments and uncover their supernatural powers to an incredible level. Then, joining forces, our*

*experiments can save Hawkins from death,"*

*"Stop calling people experiments,"*

*"When the gate will be closed, I promise you that your daughter will return to you. If, of course, she will be still alive,"*

The Chief couldn't allow this lab to scoff and experiment with people. Hearing that his daughter might die during this bloody experiment, the former rage and anger returned to him. They broke their promises, but worse was that they didn't even care about the lives of others, it was more important for them to save their asses and their damn lab.

*"Well, no,"* again angry, the Chief began, slowly approaching the doctor, hands clenched into fists. *"I'll take her now and only now. Alive and unharmed,"* He tried to restrain himself, but he understood that he could not.

*"It's unlikely, Mr. Hopper,"* The doctor said with a smile and Jim quickly ran up to him with the intention of hitting.

At the same moment, a dozen guards flew into the room, who quickly managed to neutralize the Chief, tied his hands behind his back. But the doctor still got, on his right cheek for a long time there will be a scar, left by Jim.

*"You know what, sheriff,"* The doctor began, gently wiping the bleeding wound. *"You need to learn to be less aggressive, one day it can play against you,"* The doctor laughed at him directly in the face; the Chief tried to break free, but he could not. *"Oh, for example, now,"* He said, and his guards hit Jim with something heavy on the head so that he lost consciousness.

---

Steve had been sitting in the car for an hour, waiting for the appearance of Hopper, but nothing happened. He was already without Dior, since she was forced to return home soon because her father had a hard time quarreling with her stepbrother. So strong that

Dior was the only one who could save his brother from eviction from the house.

It was terribly late and the evening slowly fell on Hawkins, illuminating it with the pleasant yellow-white light of the overflowing sunset. Steve was practically falling asleep at that moment, as he saw two laboratory guards carrying the Chief under his arms.

*"What the...?"* He said quietly and began to watch the guards.

At first he couldn't understand what had happened to Jim, but when he saw how the guards threw the sheriff to the ground, and he was barely moving, it immediately became clear. Waiting for the guards to hide in the building, he quickly left the car, running to the side where Hopper lay.

*"Hey,"* Steve called to him. *"Are you... are you okay?"* He helped Jim sit down.

*"Steve..."* He drawled, touching the wound on his forehead and squinting in pain.

*"I'll help you get home,"* He took the Chief by the arm and led him to his car.

A few minutes later they both were already sitting in the car, driving out onto the highway and moving towards the Hopper's house. Steve didn't dare to start a conversation about what was in the laboratory. Jim, getting a first-aid kit from Steve, treated the wound, continuing to hiss and squint at the pain.

*"Why did you follow me?"* Jim finally asked, putting off the first-aid kit.

*"We thought that if something happened, we could help you,"* The guy began, a little bewildered. *"And as you can see, the help came in handy,"*

*"Where's your friend?"* The Chief asked with a smile. *"Where is this daring little girl who is not afraid of anything?"*

*"She... She was with me at first, but then she went home,"* Steve began, pondering how to hide the truth of Dior's disappearance. *"She... Tomorrow is an important history test, so she decided to prepare,"* He smiled nervously.

*"It's a pity... I liked her,"*

*"Yes, but... She called you an alcoholic,"* Steve said with a smile.

*"Really?"* Jim laughed. *"Am I really looking like an alcoholic?"* He looked at the guy, he just shrugged. *"Sometimes I think myself that I'm an alcoholic,"* He smiled.

*"What did they tell you?"* Steve asked cautiously.

*"They said they wouldn't give me El until they closed this damned gate,"* The Hopper's laughter was replaced by a voice full of bitterness. *"You know about the fact that business with this gate is sucks?"* Steve nodded in agreement. *"This idiot David Brenner is looking for all his past experiments, as he calls them, to close the gate with their help,"*

Jim gave Steve a detailed account of what had happened in the lab and what Dr. Brenner had told him. Now they knew what the doctor and his workers were going to do, so they could start thinking about how they could not only save El, but also ruin the plans of the laboratory.

*"You konw, Steve,"* Jim said with a sigh. *"I realized that I can't manage alone, I can't do it, I need you guys. All of you,"*

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the seventh chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for new chapter, sunshine.

## 14. New Enemies (Part 1)

### Summary for the Chapter:

Steve suddenly finds a new message, which is very frightening him and which led him to the Dior's house.

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

Reflecting on how to help Hopper save El and how to close the gate, Steve couldn't think of anything else, including studying. He had been sitting in the library for an hour, surrounded by textbooks and notebooks, but each time he caught himself thinking that he had been reading the same page several dozen times already. His attention is fully focused on everything that has happened, and on everything else that can happen. And the logarithms, the theory of evolution and organic fibers were not among the things that interested him now.

The library was quietly emptied and Steve was alone in silence, alone with himself and with his thoughts running back and forth in his mind. Now he most of all wanted to find some more clue or a sign that would indicate to him in which of the thousands of possible directions he needs to go.

Apparently, Harrington's request was heard on the upside down's «requests office», otherwise how can one explain the unexpected appearance of a new encrypted message that the guy found in the history textbook. It was encrypted with already familiar Caesar's cipher and, as Steve studied this cipher at his leisure, he decided that he himself could decipher the message.

*«Gj fyyjsynaj! Jajsyx hfs hmfslj jfhm tymjw ajwd vznhpqd. Its'y mfaj ynrj yt qttp gfhp, dtz bnqq qtxj. Dtz hfs qtxj tsj tk ymj kwflrjsyx fy fsd ynrj, tw*

*rfdgj dtz'aj fqwjfid qtxy ny»*

"Be attentive! Events can change each other very quickly. Don't have time to look back, you will lose. You can lose one of the fragments at any time, or maybe you've already lost it," Steve read the decrypted message quietly and was frightened.

Three fragments are Dior, Cosmo and El. To lose them meant only one thing – they could be killed or they could put themselves in mortal danger. In any case, losing the fragment meant the death of one of the three. This fact very frightened Steve and he, forgetting about studies, grabbed the message and ran out of the library.

"*Cosmo, Cosmo, Cosmo,*" He repeated, running along the school hallways, searching for his friend. "*Here he is,*" ran into the canteen, said Steve.

*The hunter*, Cosmo, was sitting at one of the big tables, talking and flirting with some pretty girl. He's doing well and he's alive. After making sure of this, Steve rushed on to run around the school, but already in search of Dior. After running almost every school corridor, looking into every school corner, he didn't find her. But he accidentally stumbled upon her silly brother, whom he didn't really want to encounter.

"*Hey, Harrington,*" Leo called to him as he slowed down and slowly approached them. "I'm sure you are looking for my beautiful sister," he and his friends laughed.

"*It's none of your business,*" Steve snapped, approaching them.

"*Oh, abandoned boy, the unfinished hero fell in love with my brilliant sister,*" They laughed again, which was very straining Steve. "*But you know what, Harrington,*" He approached Steve, pointing with his finger to his chest. "*You're too stupid, for my sister,*"

"*No, you're too stupid to carry the surname of Marchelier,*" Steve even closer approached him. "*Oh, and you don't even carry it,*" He passed Leo, deliberately pushing him into the shoulder. "*Bye, losers!*" He shouted to them and disappeared behind the school doors.

---

Dior's father – Frédéric Marchelier – is well known in his scientific and cosmic environment. For many years of work in the field of space technology, he was awarded many rewards and prizes and in NASA he is one of the chief engineers. But not many in such a small town as Hawkins know about the incredible achievements of Frederic Marchelier.

Therefore, having arrived at the right address, Steve was surprised to see a large and quite luxurious two-story house with a pool and garden in the backyard. Steve even double-checked the address, thinking that he was wrong. But he arrived correctly, and this mansion in its pure form belonged to the Marchelier's family.

He stood a little in front of the door, afraid to knock, but did it. The door was quickly opened and Mr. Marchelier stood on the threshold – a man in his forties, tall and thin, wearing his favorite burgundy sweater with a small NASA logo.

*"Hello... Mr. Marchelier,"* Steve said and held out his hand to the man.

*"Hello...,*" He shook his hand and paused, waiting for the guy to give his name.

*"I'm Steve. Steve Harrington,"* He smiled broadly. *"I... I'm studying with your daughter and... Mr. Palmer, our chemistry teacher, gave us the projects and divided us into pairs. I'm paired with Dior, but she wasn't in school today,"* Steve didn't specifically finish to hear from the girl's father, why she wasn't in school today.

*"Yes, she didn't come, because she helped me with one project,"* smiled Mr. Marchelier. *"Come in,"*

Steve went inside, closing the door behind him. His eyes opened a spacious hallway, to the left of which there was a large kitchen, a corridor leading from the front into the living room, and to the right there was a staircase to the second floor. The house was very light and smelled of almond oil, and it was easier to think that there was a married couple with five children living here than a father with two.



*"I just came to ask,"* Steve continued. *"Will she work with me as a pair?"*

*"All right,"* said the man and walked over to the stairs. *"Dior!"* He called aloud.

*"Yes, Dad!"* heard the voice of the girl, coming from somewhere on the second floor.

*"A guy came to you about a chemistry project! Steve Harrington! "*

After her father uttered this name, then heard rapid steps of the girl, and then she herself appeared. Dior looked at Harrington with surprise and quickly ran down the stairs and stopped beside her father.

Steve was incredibly impressed with *how Dior looks and behaves in a home setting*. Usually at school she can be seen in jeans and a denim jacket, and all her clothes were not quite bright colors, she never wore skirts or dresses in school.

But at home, now, she was standing in front of him in *a burgundy dress-jumpsuit*, with a mustard-colored sweater under it. Her *hair was wavy*, although usually straight. Steve was perfectly aware that Dior at home and Dior somewhere else – these are *two different people*.

*"I will not bother you,"* said Mr. Marchelier, and smiled at them.

*"Yes, thank you,"* Dior said with a smile and the man went back to the living room.

As soon as Mr. Marchelier went into the living room, Dior quickly approached the surprised Harrington. He was still looking at her as if he were seeing her for the first time. Although he had seen her suchlike for the first time – *incredibly kind and gentle*. Yes, she is rude, and sarcasm accompanies almost every her phrase, but her character can't be called evil or bitchiness. Can't.

*"What are you doing here?"* Dior asked in a loud whisper. *"What are you doing in my house?"*

*"I thought something was wrong with you,"* He began. *"I found a new message and it scared me,"* He handed Dior a sheet of paper with a

decoded message. *"I recently trained myself to solve the ciphers, so I translated it myself,"* He was proud of himself now.

*"What an idiot you are,"* Dior said after reading the message.

*"What? I decoded it myself, am I not a good fellow?"*

*"You're an idiot, Harrington, and not a good fellow,"* The girl began. *"You translated, of course not bad, but did you see the second part of the message, encrypted with the Playfair cipher. The one written on the back in the lower left corner?"* She pointed to another coded inscription.

«CNTIBNTBDXTFITBWFUFCTBVSZLRTDUOBPEDVAEDNRAGMFCTBQGEHVS

*"Damn, I'm sorry to have invaded your house like that, but since I'm here, you're here and there are encrypted lines here, maybe you'll decrypt them now,"* He smiled. *"Suddenly, this is very important. Suddenly, I translated the first part incorrectly,"* He insisted.

*"Okay, but you're standing here waiting for me,"* She said firmly, and Mr. Marchelier came out again from the living room.

*"Hey,"* He called and they turned to him. *"If you make your project now, I can let you into my office,"* The man suggested, smiling.

*"No, thank you, Mr. Marchelier,"* Steve said, not giving Dior a word. *"We will be comfortable in Dior's room, too,"* He said with a broad smile, receiving a stern look from Dior and a light blow to his stomach.

*"Well then, good luck,"* The man again went into the living room.

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 1 of the eighth chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for new part, honey.

## 15. New Enemies (Part 2)

### Summary for the Chapter:

Steve Harrington is on the threshold of the room of Dior Marchelier, and thus on the threshold to unlocking her puzzles. And Dior is on the threshold of solving the new terrible message.

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

Most likely, from the Dior's room you were expecting something in dark shades, with lots of posters on the walls, a little mess and neon lava lamp on the bedside table. No? And Steve Harrington expected to see just that. But what he saw, he was surprised and nicely pleased.

Dior doesn't let anyone into her life, then why should she let someone into her room. But the fate of today on the Steve's side, the stars in the universe came together correctly, the heaven is also today at his side, a black cat won't cross his road, and so on, and so on – in short, Steve Harrington is on the threshold of the room of Dior Marchelier, and thus *on the threshold to unlocking her puzzles*.

*"Do you like standing on the threshold?"* Dior asked him, coming to the table.

*"And what, can I come in?"* Steve asked with a smile and obvious sarcasm, to which the girl just rolled her eyes.

Closing the door behind him, Steve was in the place where the whole Dior's life was hidden.

*"I can walk around your room while you are translating?"* still the same sarcasm, the same smile.

"Shut up," in spite of him, Dior answered sharply.

"Okay, shut up and go," He smiled and slowly began to walk around the room.

The room was incredibly bright, although not a single lamp was burning; there was a bit cool and smelled of the same almonds. The room was the size of two of Steve's room, *three large windows* penetrated the bright sunlight, on the white walls where some were pictures somewhere clock and mirror.

Despite the fact that the Marchelier's house has a library, on the left of the entrance, along the wall were three large white shelves very often cluttered with *a variety of books*, there were *framed photos* and even *soft toys*. Having studied these shelves, Steve noticed that the shelves don't have *any photos wherever Dior was with her mother*, and some shelves were lined with *vinyl records*, not books.

Right from the bookshelves was a long table (again white), but also next to it was *the cello*.

"Lord," Steve whispered, running his fingers through the strings. "*Do you play the... cello?*" He asked Dior in surprise, she didn't even look at him.

"*Played*," she answered, not looking up from the case.

He walked on along the room, past the table behind which Dior was sitting. On the table were textbooks and notebooks, some cassettes and a glass with various school supplies. Above the table hung a small picture; next to the same size was the panel with *photographs of Dior and her best friend Tilia*.

"*She's meeting my friend Tyler*," Steve said, pointing to Tilia.

"*I know*," Dior muttered, continuing to write.

"*Has she already introduced you?*"

"*What for?*" She grinned. "*She wanted, but I dissuaded her*,"

All the space along the windows was completely free, except for a

few seats in the corner, near the leftmost window. In addition to the shelves and tables, the room, of course, had a large bed, laid with a *light purple veil*. And by the way, on the bedside table on the left is *neon lava lamp*.

*"I would never have thought you were playing a cello?"* said Steve, finishing his sightseeing tour and sitting on the edge of the bed.

*"I wouldn't play if it was not for my birthday,"* Dior began. *"It's because I celebrated my fifth birthday in the space center of John F. Kennedy,"* Dior began with a smile, but she didn't write any more, but drew something on the sheet.

*"Wow, I'd like to have a birthday in the company of the guys from NASA,"* Steve smiled.

*"Since the morning, they were preparing to launch a launch vehicle \*, and my father was one of the commanders of this action, so he took me and Leo with him and from the very morning we were there, watching how these guys from NASA launch a rocket. The fact that I have a birthday, my father's colleagues in honor of my holiday and, of course, a successful launch, gave me this splendor,"* She pointed to the cello.

*"I just realized until the end how cool it is to have a father working in NASA, I would be a VIP-person and be able to watch the rocket launches,"* Steve said dreamily.

*"It's not so much fun. Yes, it's spectacular, but not fun. Everyone is running around, screaming, a lot of different buttons and screens are blinking around, everything is buzzing, squeaking, trembling,"*

She is very proud and loves her father, respects his difficult work. This Steve understood from this though a small, but very important story for the girl. *Her mother was not around* (and Steve only has to find out why), so Dior spent a lot of time with her father at his work in NASA. But we can't say that her childhood was spent in space centers, surrounded by rockets and satellites.

*"Where did you find the message?"* returning from a fantastic country of memories, Dior asked, not looking at Steve.

*"What?" He already forgot about the true reason for his stay in this house. "Ah! Message," He approached her. "In some kind of textbook, but what's important?"*

*"Perhaps," She handed him a sheet of paper with the decrypted text.*

*"Be attentive, at any moment you can lose one of the fragments, and you can find new enemies," He read. "What?"*

*"New enemies, Steve," She looked at him. "Remember exactly in which book you found this message? Not in "Bestiary" \*\*? "*

---

\* On April 16, 1972, the launch vehicle Saturn-5 was launched from the John Kennedy Space Center in the United States.

\*\* "Bestiary" – a medieval collection of zoological articles, in which various animals are described in detail.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 1 of the eighth chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for new part, sunshine.

## 16. New Enemies (Part 3)

### Summary for the Chapter:

The threat of new enemies becomes quite real. But the events are happening incredibly fast and sometimes you need to rest from all this madness.

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

Find new enemies, when you can't cope with those that are already there – it's scary. Enemies were demodogs, the upside down and the laboratory, but who could add to them. Whoever it was, it would be better if they stayed where they came from, because the main task was still to close the gate, and the uninvited enemies could only add new problems.

*"Remember, Harrington. Straighten the brain,"* Dior asked him.

*"Earlier, I remember, someone said that I don't have brain,"* He joked, but it was extremely inappropriate. *"Okay, okay, I remember it was a history book, something about,"*

*"Myths,"* The girl finished for him and quickly jumped up from the chair, and ran to the shelves. Her fingers ran quickly down the spines of the books, looking for the right one; all this time Steve watched her with astonishment. *"There it is,"* The girl smiled and, taking the book, sat down at the table.

*"Myths and Oriental folklore,"* Steve read the title of the book. *"Yes, this is the same book. Do you have the whole school library here?"*

*"Almost,"* She said quickly, flipping through page after page. *"Harrington, stop standing still, better remember which page you found the message on,"*

"On this," He stopped her, pointing at the page. "Grim... What is it?"

*"The book says that they are monsters capable of taking different shapes,"* Dior began to read. *"But most often they turn into huge dogs with glowing eyes in the dark. They can only be seen at night, especially in rainy and cloudy weather,"* after reading, she looked up at Steve, puzzled by all this.

"Stop," slightly ruffled his hair, he said. *"So this message was not just on this page, in this book? Are they our new enemies? Who are they? Grims?"* He also looked at Dior with surprise.

"I think so," The girl answered calmly. *"Remember what Hopper told you, or rather about what Dr. Brenner told him in the laboratory,"* She began, keeping her eyes on him. *"He said that the gate opened again and the upside down began to absorb the lab, he said that because of this, it may soon happen that the upside down will absorb the whole city,"* her voice sounded barely noticeable fear.

*"Or already started,"* Steve muttered, clutching his head. *"Right, Dior, all these creatures, or rather our new enemies, they all came from or come from the upside down. All these grims, like the demodogs, will soon walk about in our forest. If they don't already walk,"*

*"Until we saw the exact evidence of the existence of the grims in Hawkins,"* She stood up and approached him. *"So we don't have to sow panic before time. First we have to make sure that under the new enemies the message meant precisely these monsters,"* She said so calmly and warmly that the whole panic left Steve's consciousness.

"Yes, you're right," He said quietly, head bowed; for a few seconds they were silent. *"How it all got me!"* He said sharply and began to pace the room. *"All these messages, demodogs and stuff,"* He stopped at the window, turned and looked at Dior. *"I need to take a break from all this, dispel myself and my thoughts, things are going on too fast and each of them is confusing me more and more. I'm lost in my own thoughts,"* He said with pity and it seemed that he could even cry.

*"You're Steve Harrington,"* Dior smiled and sat on the edge of the bed. *"Remember those times when almost the whole school was hanging out at your parties. I'm sure that these times have not far gone,"*



*"Not far away,"* He began with a broad smile, walking slowly to the bed where the girl was sitting. *"I can see them with the naked eye, so Uncle Steve still remembers how to arrange awesome parties,"*

*"Lord,"* rolling eyes, Dior said.

*"You will come?"* He asked, looking at her with his puppy eyes, trying to defeat her life principles.

*"No, of course not!"* She frowned and quickly jumped off the bed. *"You know, Harrington, I'm not a fan of pool parties,"* She stood in front of him.

*"And if without a pool?"* Again this damn smile.

*"With a pool, without a pool, with you, not with you, with people, without people, at home or outside the house - no, Steve,"*

*"Come on, it will be fun, especially since you, too, need to abstract yourself from all this nightmare that is happening now with us,"*

*"On which wall did you read the word - to abstract?"* She smiled.

*"It's not such a difficult word,"* now it was his turn to dramatically roll up his eyes. *"For once, take yourself to where you can have fun and relax,"* The guy didn't deceive.

At that moment, Dior realized that it would be better if she was silent and didn't talk about the party. Since the ninth grade, she doesn't go to parties and other similar events. Despite the fact that before she loved them very much and even arranged herself, now she has a sharply opposite opinion about such kind of events.

Friends laughed at her, called her names, spread gossip about her, slept with her boyfriends, told her secrets to others, discussed her – and all this behind her, and all this at parties. All her skirmishes, quarrels and fights with friends happened at parties, and all her break ups and broken hearts remained in the same place. It was very rare that she leave the party in a good mood.

Therefore, after cardinal changes in her appearance and, most importantly, in her personality, she generally doesn't go anywhere

except the school and the cinema. And everywhere either one, or with Tilia. So she thought she was sure that Steve Harrington was hopeless in his attempts to call her to his party. No matter how sweet he was, no matter how sweet his look was, he would leave with nothing.

*"Harrington, remember why you came here,"* Dior said, interrupting him. *"All right, we've translated it, and now you can safely go back to your home or go wherever you need,"* She said, and this once-a-second silence came again.

*"Don't say that your life has become boring after my appearance in it,"* He generally knows how not to smile so damn cool. *"Yes, your life has become a horror, certainly. But it didn't become boring or worse, and even, on the contrary, in your life there was more... more life, damn it. And to continue to bring in your life new unforgettable moments, you must come to my party,"*

*"A Harrington's party is always unforgettable,"* The girl began with a broad smile, and hope appeared in Steve's eyes. *"Someone has beaten someone, someone has sex with someone, someone accidentally broke someone's car... Really unforgettable,"*

*"Oh my God, stop it,"* He pleaded, smiling. *"I'll arrange this party, just for you to come,"* turn off this damned smile.

*"Still no,"*

*"Oh, well, if it's so, then I'll probably stay a little longer, for example, until you agree to come to my party,"*

*"You won't do this?"*

*"Are you sure?"*

A little hesitating, and realizing that she wasn't sure, Dior answered. *"Yes,"*

*"Good,"*

Steve walked to the bed and sat down on its side again, spreading his hands on either side of him and forgetting to take off his wide smile.

Dior stood opposite him, crossing her arms and rolling her eyes. He wasn't going to leave the boundaries of this room and this house until she agreed to his invitation. And knowing how she doesn't like to see strangers in her room (in her house, in her life), this time he was sure that she would agree and he would still win.

*"Get up, Harrington,"* She wanted to approach him, but stopped. *"Get up!"* He shook his head negatively, continuing to smile. *"Pick up your damn ass from my bed and throw yourself fucking out of my room!"*

*"Oh, how rude, Miss Marchelier,"* He frowned, all with the same blissful smile on his lips. *"You have so many books, you seem to be a very educated person, and you speak so rudely,"* He said in the tone of a typical teacher and laughed.

*"Shut up and get out of here,"* She said aloud, but looking at Steve's smiling face, she couldn't help but smile, although she was trying to seem super serious. She failed. *"Can you hear me?!"*

Steve continued to sit and smile, watching Dior slowly surrender, without even noticing it. Now it seemed that she was ready for anything, just to not see his damn-smiling face in her house.

*"I'll leave, but only then... You know when,"* He laughed softly.

*"All right,"* She began calmly, slowly approaching him. *"I'll come to your fucking party, but you know... You're a real asshole, Harrington,"* She finished and Steve quickly got out of bed; their faces were so close to each other that Dior immediately stepped back a few steps.

*"That's fine,"* He said with a winning grin on his face and went to the table to take his backpack. *"Waiting for you this Thursday at my house at nine in the evening,"* He left the room, Dior followed him.

She stopped in the doorway, watching Steve walk slowly toward the staircase. The girl was already glad that he, finally, now leave, as Steve quickly turned and looked at her. Has anyone thought of a cure for this damn smile?

*"Hey, Steve, the front door in that direction,"* Dior said, pointing to the stairs.

*"And know, Marchelier, if you don't come, I'll go back to your house and settle here,"* She had the last honor to contemplate his murderous grin, after which he turned and fled down the stairs.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the third part of the eighth chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for new part, sweetheart.

## 17. New Enemies (Part 4)

### Summary for the Chapter:

Cosmo again goes to the forest, where instead of demodogs meets with a completely new monster. How to end his next night's adventure and how he ended up in Steve's car...

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

With this nothing can be done, the new enemies, having appeared, will necessarily make themselves felt, and then it will be even more difficult to save El and close the gate. There was still a doubt that the message was left to just frighten the guys. But what if everything that it warned about is true and they are already being watched or hunted by new bad guys.

It's scary to meet a demodog; to meet with several of them also scary, to meet demodogs and their new monster friends – it's just awful. The fact that the message was left in this book and on this page was something logical, because under enemies you can perceive at least someone, especially in this situation.

About the message and its meaning knew only Steve and Dior, but they were going to tell the others about it. Report this after they are certain that the vast forest expanses of Hawkins now really inhabit new monsters.

---

The twilight, quiet night fell on Hawkins. The dark blue sky was filled with silver-gold twinkling stars, a gray, shining crescent moon was seen, it was cool. In the city, in the houses, lights shone in the

windows and neon signs gleamed.

Cosmo walked slowly through the forest, peering intently into the distance and around. His long black coat was flung open, and in his left hand he held a small plastic bag, in which lay his weapon – the flasks, sealed with black insulating tape, filled with burgundy liquid. He hunted, hunted demodogs, again.

To him no one has so far reported that he is *the hunter*, thus the third fragment that the guys have been looking for. But he didn't seem to need to know, he doesn't need to know about this, since he wanted to kill all these faceless monsters without it.

*"Where are you?"* repeated Cosmo incessantly, continuing to go further, deep into the forest. *"The last time I've been looking for you for a long time, I don't want to waste my time today,"* He said softly, as if the monster was hiding somewhere near him, and the guy was just trying to entice him.

Something rustled behind him and he immediately turned around, but saw only the darkness. He froze in place, listening to every rustle that could only be heard to his ears. He stood on a small glade, surrounded by trees, bushes and darkness, in silence his own breathing was heard, which he periodically detained, so as not to stray and hear everything.

Cosmo neatly took out one flask from the bag and opened the lid, ready at any moment to throw the weapon at the monster. A brisk rustle. Again. Behind his back.

*"What the hell?"* He spoke with his lips, quickly turning to the side where the rustle came from. *"Come on,"*

Far, far away, from somewhere beyond the trees, there appeared a blurred silhouette of an animal. Maybe it was a demodog, and *maybe someone else*. Cosmo narrowed his eyes, straining his eyes and peering into the place near the tree where the animal was standing.

*"Does it even see me?"* Cosmo thought. *"I'm obviously easily-noticed so why it just stands and doesn't attack,"* He didn't understand, continuing to stand on the same piece of land.

Soon, behind the tree, the whole figure of a mysterious animal appeared which began to creep up to Cosmo very slowly. This animal was about the size of a well-fed wolf or a large dog, like the English mastiff; his wool was charcoal black. But the most surprising thing is his eyes, or rather the fact that they glowed in the dark, like two small flashlights.

Swallowing hard, Cosmo continued to stand motionless, like a frozen statue, waiting for the monster to do further. *The hunter* inhaled the full bosom of the cool, moist air and, before he could exhale, the monster ran at a fantastic speed to run straight at him.

"*Fuck!!*" He shouted and rushed to run, where his eyes looked, away from this creature.

The sides of his coat spread out in different directions, heavy breathing was heard by a deaf bass in the night silence, his feet carried him in the right directions, a cold sweat pierced his forehead, behind him he heard the monster's echoing footsteps, a light wind brought to him a sonorous growl, he tried to run as fast as possible, but it was not fear. Cosmo wanted to be at a safe distance to be able to throw the flask into the monster.

"*Now!*" He shouted.

Sharply stopped, he tossed the flask with a corrosive liquid and hit the monster's eyes directly. The flask with a rattling broke on his face, spilling over it and hissing. The animal stopped, trying to remove the hissing liquid from his face with his paws. At that moment, Cosmo was no longer in front of him.

---

The whole territory of the gas station was brightly lit by white lamps, and next to it was a violet pink-purple neon color glowing with the sign of *Violet Motel*, then there was only a road illuminated by the dim light of the street lamps. All around was not a soul, in a small pavilion at the gas station sat one single employee yawning in anticipation of visitors.

Right at the gas station was a car. Steve's car. He sat inside, in the driver's seat, leaning his arm on the door, thus supporting his chin with his fist, and was thinking about something. His gaze ran back and forth, examining that shiny sign of the motel, the steering wheel of the car, then the arrow on the column.

In the car, quietly played music, warm melodies, no sharp beats. In the car, from the slightly opened window, the cool night air softly flew in, designed to dispel the Steve's thoughts. But these thoughts won't blow even a gusty hurricane.

*Yesterday's party.* He thought about how yesterday's party went, about what happened at the party. This celebration was started in order to distract Steve and the rest of the guys from the whole nightmare that continues to agitate their lives in order to distract their thoughts from what is happening around the horror.

But instead, Steve just spoiled his evening, and perhaps all his life. He couldn't get out of his thoughts last night, so he thought about them all the time, as if they were a kind of cyclical circle.

Steve jumped in his seat when a man suddenly burst into his car and sat down, slamming the door behind him.

*"What the hell?"* asked Steve, staring at the unexpected visitor.

Breathing hard, closing his eyes, Cosmo sat and didn't move. His face and tips of hair were wet with sweat and after the wet branches, he still clutched the bag with the flasks in his left hand. After a few minutes, bringing his breathing back to normal, Cosmo stared at the surprised Steve with his blue eyes.

*"What the hell happened to you?"* He spoke a little louder than usual, staring at the confused look on his friend.

*"I was again in the forest,"* said Cosmo, continuing to exhale sharply and take in the air. *"I tried to track down and kill another demodog,"* he stammered on almost every word. *"It was dark, I couldn't find it for a long time, but soon I heard a rustle. I strained my ears and began to listen to the darkness, then... This beast appeared,"*



*The hunter* told Harrington in detail about his nightly adventures and about his encounter with the new monster, he described the terrible animal while Steve continued to listen to him with a puzzled look.

*"Do his eyes glow?"* Steve specified.

*"Yes, like two LED lights,"* He had already calmed down, his voice was softer.

*"It was a grim,"* Steve said, recalling the recent message. *"I found..."* He stopped, as he realized that he couldn't tell about the message, because Cosmo didn't know anything. *"Not important. Recently with..."* a second pause *before this name.* *"With Dior we found... a trail of some monster in the forest, a new monster. After leafing through a bunch of books, we realized that these were traces of the grim,"* Lord, Harrington, how well you manage to compose this nonsense.

*"So now we have to fight two monsters?"* And someone has enough intelligence to believe it.

But now it wasn't important how Steve informed him about the grims. The main thing is that he managed to warn Cosmo about the new danger, advising him to act extremely cautiously.

*"We have to track down this creature again and kill it,"* Cosmo said.

*"No, buddy, it's not today,"* He turned the key and a loud roar of the engine sounded. *"Now you need to rest,"* He tried to smile a little.

*"Rest,"* surprised, with a smirk, repeated Cosmo. *"Are you going to have a party for this again?"*

*"No,"* Steve snapped. *"No more parties,"* He went on to the empty highway.

All the way home, a long journey back to Hawkins, they rode in complete silence, no one said a word. The only thing that reached their ears was the roar of the engine and again this quiet, smooth melody that came from the radio.

Silence frightened Steve, so he always listened to music. A steady silence brought him back to the thoughts that tormented him before

Cosmo broke into the seat of his car. In the head were playing the moments of yesterday's party, as if in a music video.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the last part of the eighth chapter of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for new chapter, dear.

## 18. Things End But Memories Last Forever (Part 1)

### Summary for the Chapter:

One day ago a huge party was held in the Harrington's house, which he doesn't want to remember now. What could have happened at such an ordinary celebration for him?

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

**HEY READER!** Welcome to the Harrington's party, sweetie. If you want to fully experience the whole atmosphere of the party, then take your headphones and follow my musical notations that you will easily find in the text.

*Tip:* so that music doesn't distract you from reading, turn it on to a small volume. Love u, xoxo

---

### *One day ago*

Steve was absolutely right in saying that all these terrible events happen too quickly, confusing the guys even harder and harder. He was right when he said that he (and everyone else) needed to take a short break, forgetting for a moment all the messages, monsters and laboratories. Only one day is needed, which they will be able to hold like ordinary teenagers, enjoying their careless young years.

Therefore, not without the advice of Dior, Steve decided to have a party at home. To, as in the old days, just take and tear yourself to the full, without thinking what will happen tomorrow.

*(play) I Can Hardly Make You Mine by Cults*

The evening at the Harrington house began with loud basses coming from the stereo, the sound on which was turned on full. Dior, long before she arrived at Steve's house, she could clearly hear the music playing and the screams of people laughing. Light was lit in the whole house, and a pleasant white-violet light poured from the windows of the first floor, some figures flashed in almost every window, moving quickly to the rhythm of the music.

Arriving to the venue of the party, Dior parked on the other side of the road, in front of the house, and about ten minutes just sat in the car, looking at the crowded house and listening to the music coming from there.

Last time she was at a party at the end of the eighth grade, where she managed to end up arguing with all her friends. Because of that party and because of dozens of others, she decided that night that she would never again visit any of these hideous hangouts. *"There's nothing funny about people getting drunk before they lose consciousness, then they beat each other or sleep with each other,"* She told herself. It can't be doubted that parties are the only place where teenagers can at least somehow relax and socialize.

But sooner or later, Dior still had to change her view of the parties and the behavior of these people, (and for the rest of her life as a whole). She also realized that she can't live a lifetime, hiding from people and pushing them away even when she needs their company, that she should not make a puzzle for others, considering that few people like to solve them.

One day she can wake up and realize that no one is around, she is alone. All alone. And this frightens not only her, but also many in her small environment. Therefore, to prevent her from lifelong loneliness, Steve did everything possible to not just unravel it, but to bring back more life into her life.

---

On the lawn, near the terrace, were already empty bottles of alcohol and various candy wrappers, one of the guests was on the terrace – some danced, others talked about something and argued, the others

did both. Dior hesitated a little, before knocking on the door, but still a loud knock of her fist was heard.

*"Hello, my lady,"* opening the door, Steve said with a satisfied smile on his face. *"You have deigned to visit our modest event,"* He looked directly into her eyes, in which the white lights of the lamps glittered.

*"If this is the only opportunity not to see you in my house again, then yes,"* She smiled slightly and Steve let her into the house, leaving the door behind her open.

She walked slowly and cautiously, like a child who was suddenly brought to some new place. She stopped before entering the living room, Steve was standing behind her all the time, watching her with a smile and sipping his drink.

Dior looked all around with a look, as if she didn't care about all this and she wasn't surprised at all. But this was far from the case. Hearing all these sounds – music, screams, singing – she caught herself thinking that she liked it here. Although the memories of the past still haunted her, she didn't want to leave now.

### ***(play) Talking In Your Sleep by The Romantics***

The living room was filled with people dancing, singing, talking and yelling. Neon light and the white light of the lamps enveloped the whole space, enveloping human bodies with their veils and shining on their faces. The music was extremely loud, so everyone didn't even dance, but jumped on the spot, shook their heads, their hair flew after their dynamic movements. They danced and sang as if for them it was the last day in their life and they just want to come off at last.

*"And why did you get up here?"* Steve asked her and passed, standing in front of her; neon-white light was pleasantly played on his smiling face. *"So you will stand on the threshold of the most grandiose fun in your life?"*

*"It's not a most grandiose fun,"* She entered the game with a smile, realizing that he would now start to persuade her to do something

more than just stand in the crowd.

*"Have you seen others?"* a malicious grin shone on his face, after which the girl rolled her eyes, and Steve laughed quietly. *"You see,"*

*"I just know that there is more grandiose,"* She tried to rehabilitate after his correct statement and a murderous grin.

*"Are you sure?"* He asked, barely restraining his laughter; but he realized that even a little bit and she can just turn around and leave. *"Okay, okay... Excuse me?"* He lowered his chin a little, so that his eyes seemed even bigger, and he gave her his full regretful look; for persuasiveness, he even pursed his lips a little.

Dior couldn't contain her usual "I don't care about you" look and laughed softly, Steve supported her laughter.

*"Does Steve Harrington apologize – is this something new?"* without laughing, but with a slight grin she said; they continued to stand at the entrance to the living room, behind them the crowd also danced noisily.

*"Please, stop,"* it seems that all this evening this smile will be on his face. *"Relax, forget about everything and just tear yourself up here in full,"* her eyes slid across the living room, as if she couldn't decide what to do, even a smile wasn't on her face. *"You remember what I said,"* He drawled and looked at her, she clearly didn't remember. *"I said that I would arrange this party just for you to come in. And..."* He spread his hands out to the side, pleased that he had done what he said.

*"I won't believe that you made this bacchanalia just for this?"* She said, and the corners of her lips stretched out in a playful grin.

*"For this and for the sake of forgetting for a while,"* He continued to gaze at her. *"Let's go,"* He held out his hand to her.

*"Where?"* She was surprised.

*"There,"* He pointed to the crowd dancing in the living room. *"Let's go there and dance,"* He smiled rather, hoping that she would take his hand in hers and lead this damned screaming crowd.

*"Are you crazy, Harrington? Seriously?"* She laughed softly; she couldn't even imagine herself dancing in this crowd, generally dancing anywhere. *"I don't have a very suitable mood for dancing,"* finally giving him a big smile, she turned and walked along the wall in the living room.

*"Come on,"* Steve pleaded, catching up with her.

He put his hand on her shoulder, which made her turn quickly toward him. His face was again too close to her face, his damned smiling face, enveloped in the iridescent neon of light, was right in front of her. Dior stepped away from him a few paces, Steve looked at her with his expressive big eyes, begging her to go with him.

But even this Steve – the first handsome, the best of the best, the owner of the most adorable smile – didn't cause her to stay here and especially dance. Dancing – this word even a little scared Dior.

***(play) Heartbreaker by Pat Benatar***

*"Hey, Miss Marchelie!"* He gently, in a friendly manner, pushed her into the shoulder. *"How can you not dance at a party arranged in your honor?"*

*"Lord, what are you talking?"*

*"I'm organizing a party, only so that you can come,"* He repeated again. *"But the truth is, all these people don't know about the true reason of this event, although they are not bad without it,"*

*"Thank God they don't know, and then no one would even come,"* for the first time, for all his communication with Dior, Steve heard a real disappointment in her voice, so bitter and desperate, which she suppressed with her usual sarcastic grin.

Hearing this, for a few seconds their conversation subsided and Steve even wilted a little, but soon it was fun to return, of course, not forgetting to take with him the most unique smile from his entire collection.

*"I'm very glad to see you here,"*

*"I hold back all my promises,"*

*"My parents left the city until next Monday, so we can stay here all night,"*  
He was pleased with this fact.

*"You, not me,"* Dior corrected him and the corners of her mouth broke into a barely noticeable smile.

*"Oh, come on ...,"* Steve said, frowning slightly. *"Take it easy, I'm here, don't worry about anything,"* yes, he's here, ready to protect her from everything that's happening here, but at the same time, ready to throw her into all this fun, frightening her, but this is alluring.

*"Why should I worry about?"* She asked, looking at him inquiringly.

*"Well, I don't know...,"* He said in a haggling manner, as if he didn't understand what she was talking about. *"It seems to be your first party since eighth grade,"* He couldn't help but smile.

*"Shut up,"* She said, and he laughed.

*"Okay, stay here at least one hour,"* He pleaded with her.

*"All right,"* She answered, her eyes lost again in the crowd; Steve realized that she wasn't listening very carefully, so ...

*"Okay, a few hours?"* He asked, smiling conspiratorially.

*"Okay,"* without realizing it, she extended her stay here. *"Wait, what?"* but soon she woke up and again turned her gaze to Steve, smiling with her victorious smile.

*"Have fun, Dior,"*

So that she couldn't contradict him, he quickly moved away from her, also so that she couldn't catch up with him. All his way from her to the exit from the living room, he kept turning, giving her a broad smile.

*"Harrington!"* She shouted to him, trying to shout over loud music. *"Asshole!"* She shouted, the people standing nearby stared at her. *"You too,"* she snapped, and walked farther along the living room.



## **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 1 of the ninth chapter of my fan fiction. Leave a comment and wait for second part, angel.

## 19. Things End But Memories Last Forever (Part 2)

### Summary for the Chapter:

One day ago a huge party was held in the Harrington's house, which he doesn't want to remember now. What could have happened at such an ordinary celebration for him?

### Notes for the Chapter:

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**HEY READER!** Welcome to the Harrington's party, sweetie. If you want to fully experience the whole atmosphere of the party, then take your headphones and follow my musical notations that you will easily find in the text.

*Tip:* so that music doesn't distract you from reading, turn it on to a small volume. Love u, xoxo

---

### *(play) Fools by Borns*

It seems this fun, filling the whole Harrington's house from the living room to the laundry, won't end very long. The music sounded louder and louder, people became more and more. Today in this house there is no free space, there is not even a quiet place where you could relax, (so all the guys who want to "relax" had to look for a suitable place for several minutes).

The large glass doors leading to the backyard were completely pushed open, so everyone could calmly walk from the yard to the house and back. And that's why the house was not stuffy, and the cool wind could perfectly smell the alcohol and cigarettes away from

the living room.

Dior tried for a few minutes to look at Harrington in the crowd, but she didn't find him. She was angry with herself because, because of her inattention, she extended her stay on this crazy party. But most of all she was angry with Steve, as if it were not for him, she wouldn't have been here at all.

Spit on Harrington, she walked to the counter (also located in the living room) to have a little drink. She wasn't going to get drunk with alcohol, like all these kids do; she just wanted to cool down a little by drinking something non-alcoholic.

Dior carelessly took a small can of Cola, she didn't have time to open it, as she heard her name from the Cosmo's lips.

*"Hey!"* He rejoiced, patting her on the shoulder. *"It's so cool to see you here. I didn't expect to ever see you again at a party,"* He smiled broadly, holding an open jar of beer in his hand.

*"I, too, didn't expect to see me here,"* She said, with a strained smile; she wanted to open a can of soda, but Cosmo stopped her.

*"Are you going to get drunk with soda?"* He smiled, not removing his palm from her soda can. *"It's so fun today, and you're going to get drunk... with soda?"*

*"Who said I'm going to get drunk here?"*

*"Because almost everyone comes here just for that purpose – to rest and get drunk, well, maybe, if you're lucky, you also have to sleep with someone,"*

*"Lord, what a horror,"* She winced. *"I'm not going to drink alcohol here and especially sleep with someone,"*

*"You speak like a typical student of the Catholic school and,"* He crossed his hands. *"Follower of the word of God,"* He laughed, and she pushed him into the shoulder and laughed herself. Cosmo snatched the can of soda from her hands and tossed it somewhere. *"It won't help you to relax,"* He said, and began to look for something among the cans of alcohol. *"Beer or whiskey?"*

"Water,"

"Oh, stop, Virgin Mary," They laughed again and he handed her a can of beer. *"Have at least one drink,"*

Dior didn't drink alcohol since last Christmas, and even then she overturned only a couple of glasses of red wine. She didn't take alcohol very badly, but she saw not much positive sides in its use.

The atmosphere filling all the space around her, the music, heard by her impetuous sounds to her ears, all these people, who are really relaxed and enjoying everything that happens, all pleased her, all this for some reason for which she didn't understand, kept her here.

Although the reason was very simple, she really liked it. All this she wanted to see in her life, to live it. But she herself is to blame for having missed so much. Or she can return everything?

*"Believe me, it won't take you from one can of beer to any fairy-tale country,"* They simply couldn't stop laughing, for the first time Dior laughed so much. *"If you want, of course, there,"* He pointed to the second floor staircase. *"There are guys with magic bags, so...,"*

*"Please stop this nonsense,"* She chuckled, she begged him.

*"I always knew that you know how to have fun,"* what he told, very pleased her, because someone else thinks she is necessary (everyone!). *"This wonderful can of beer help you, Dior, just relax and realize how cool it is here,"* even in the semi-darkness his eyes were a clear blue. *"If you want something extreme, we can put something, for example, wine mixed with brandy,"*

*"I think that's a bad idea,"*

*"Yes, I agree,"* He quickly surveyed the crowd. *"Once I got drunk on this miracle cocktail and woke up in the garage of some girl, dressed in a strange red sweater with deer, even to that her father found me further and... Well, you yourself understand,"* They again laughed and in this Steve approached them.

He leaned his elbows on the counter, one arm on Cosmo's shoulder. From his eyes, he could see how fucking happy he was to hear the

laughter of these two, and especially Dior, who literally cursed this party a few minutes ago. Steve was also pleased that he was slowly getting her back to people.

With the sudden appearance of Harrington, Dior's wide smile and laughter disappeared. Although she didn't even consider this party sucky, she was still angry with Steve. Therefore, it stood to his lovely face to appear, as she immediately put on her expression of indifference.

*"Wow, I see you having fun,"* He said happily, looking at the two of them; Then he noticed a can of beer in Dior's hand. *"Oh, and you're already drinking,"* He smiled broadly with Cosmo.

*"I wasn't going to drink it,"* She said dully and, casually putting the jar back on the counter, went somewhere into the crowd.

The flickering smiles on the faces of the guys disappeared at the same moment. They watched as the girl quickly lost herself in a crazy crowd. Harrington realized that it would be difficult to regain her location again, but who said that he would simply surrender.

*"Did something happen between you?"* asked Cosmo from him, Steve put his hand away from his shoulder and leaned against the counter.

*"No, where did you get it?"* Steve looked a bit embarrassed, looking at his friend.

*"She seemed to be gone, as soon as you showed up. Before that, we had talked rather well and even laughed,"* Cosmo smiled slightly, remembering this.

*"Yes, I saw it,"* said Steve, frustrated, occasionally trying to find Dior in the crowd.

*"I fucking almost made her drink this can of beer,"* They both smiled broadly.

***(play) Traumatize by Grouplove***

The Harrington's house gathered an incredible number of people, it seemed that all the young people of the city gathered here today. Although in fact, Steve only invited all his school friends, it was clear that his friends would call their other friends, and they would call more friends. Therefore, half of this amusing crowd Steve has never even seen in their faces, but why should they be expelled, if without them it will be much more boring.

Steve continued to look for Dior in the crowd and running around the house, peering into all the rooms and sometimes regretting that he had not knocked before he entered. But soon he found her – she stood on the other side of the living room and talked with Lydia (Cosmo's sister). They shared only a noisy crowd of jumping teenagers, but he didn't want to go to her. Instead, he sat down on the edge of the table, which stood near the window, and began to watch her.

Music rattled everywhere, but everyone was already accustomed to such loudness, so Steve didn't pay any attention to it; someone lit a New Year's garland, whose light was mixed with neon, creating a pleasant color composition that fell on the entire living room; the smoke from cigarettes literally absorbed into the air, filling everything around with an easy veil of fog.

Dior chatted with Lidia about something; they laughed and smiled a lot, each time sipping a drink from their glasses. Lydia, as always, was in her cheerleader uniform with Hawkins High logo, dismissing her long red hair. This girl could talk anybody to death, so Dior got into her net. But Steve is extremely happy to see such Dior, at this moment he praised to the skies Lydia Mayet, which in fact he hated.

Steve smiled broadly, watching the two talking girls; he concentrated his gaze on them so much that he didn't notice how Billy Hargrove and his foolish friends approached him.

*"What, Harrington, are you looking for someone to sleep with?"* He said, not taking out cigarettes from behind his mouth; Steve lightly switched his attention from Dior to him. *"Or watching this bitch? How is she? Marchelier, isn't she?"* He smiled broadly.

*"I'm sorry, what did you just say?"* Steve quickly got up and

straightened, the anger inside him already began to grow.

*"Ah, so I'm right, you watched her,"* He laughed right into Steve's face.

*"It's none of your business to whom and why I'm looking,"* Steve clenched his fists, restraining himself so as not to hit him.

Next to them, just a few meters away, stood Tilia, who really didn't like the fact that some jerk was pouring mud at her bff. She pricked up her ears and began to listen to their conversation, ready at any moment to rush to protect her friend.

*"I'm just worried about you, Harrington,"* He went a little closer to him, still smiling broadly. *"Leo told us so much about this fucking crazy girl, it's better not to know,"*

### ***(play) Abducted by Cults***

*"The only crazy here is you, and if you don't close your lousy mouth, I swear you'll fly out of my house right away,"*

*"Wow, what a dangerous guy you are!"* Billy and his friends laughed. *"When did you become so brave after you started talking to that fool?"*

*"Once again, say at least one word to her,"* Steve began.

*"What then?"* Billy interrupted him sharply. *"Will you break my fucking pretty face to me? Or will you take me down the stairs? I think you don't have enough strength even to hit me in the nose,"* He said, roughly pushing Steve onto his shoulder.

*"Get out of here and don't spoil my party,"*

*"How quickly you merged, Harrington,"* He laughed again. *"Probably, scared of me? What, you don't want to rush to the embrace because of this bitch?"*

*"Nobody dares to call my friend a bitch!"* Tilia intervened, quickly approached Steve.

"Oh, you're pretty," said Billy, looking at the girl from head to foot and smiling at her, the dirtiest smile in the world.

"Pretty, but not for you," The girl began sharply. "Now shut your rotten mouth and get the hell out of this house!"

"Tilia, do not," quietly, even with a slight smile, Steve asked her.

"Leave it, Harrington. Maybe this bold little beauty can save your butt, " He grinned at Steve and stared at Tilia again. "You came to protect your dirty friend... Leo told you that..., "

Tilia interrupted him: "Leo is as stupid asshole, like you, Hargrove. Only such idiots as you are capable of believing all his stories. Leo should on his knees thank Dior and her father for the fact that he still doesn't live on the street and don't share one cardboard with the homeless under the bridge. Oh, but he already did, "

"Shut up," Billy interrupted. "Even so, his life much better than that of his sister, "

"I would not be so sure," Tilia sneered. "As long as you're defending your miracle friend here, he's sure to get some fun in bed with your girlfriend, like he did yesterday and the day before yesterday, and this whole month. I hope you still remember those photos? "

Earlier this month, photos of Leo and Kendall - Billy's girlfriend - were walking around the school, on these photos they was "resting" first in the car, and then in her room. Kendall quite easily could convince Billy that she wasn't in the photo, and even if it was, it was a fake; even Leo himself confirmed this bullshit. Then there were more photos, rumors grew and grew, and Kendall continued to cuddle with Billy in the corridors and kiss Leo in his bed.

This was the moment when everyone realized that Billy Hargrove could easily be turned around, but he himself refused to accept it for a detour.

"You're like a bitch like your girlfriend, "

"I told you to close your fucking mouth!" Steve quickly approached Billy, with the intention of striking, but Tilia stopped him.



*"Wow, Harrington, be simpler,"* with these words, Billy left, hiding in the crowd.

*"Bastard,"* Steve said, exhaled heavily and sat back at the edge of the table.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 2 of the ninth chapter of my fan fiction. Leave a comment and wait for second part, angel.

## 20. Things End But Memories Last Forever (Part 3)

### Summary for the Chapter:

One day ago a huge party was held in the Harrington's house, which he doesn't want to remember now. What could have happened at such an ordinary celebration for him?

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

**HEY READER!** Welcome to the Harrington's party, sweetie. If you want to fully experience the whole atmosphere of the party, then take your headphones and follow my musical notations that you will easily find in the text.

*Tip:* so that music doesn't distract you from reading, turn it on to a small volume. Love u, xoxo

---

### *(play) Faded Hearts by Borns*

Tilia knew Steve well, since she recently dating with his good friend Tyler. They all had time to get to know each other well and even have a little time together. At first, Tilia was extremely angry with Steve because he took her best friend from her – Dior, after Steve broke into her life and sucked in all this madness, spent a lot of time with him, having had little contact with her friend.

But seeing Dior at a party and seeing Steve behind her intercede, Tilia finally realized she was a complete fool, angry with him. The girl quietly approached and sat next to him, both looking somewhere in front of him.

*"What a bastard,"* Harrington repeated angrily.

*"Everyone know it and without you,"* said Tilia with a friendly smile, willing to encourage Steve with all her strength.

*"Thank you..."* He thanked her softly.

*"For not letting him beat you?"* said Tilia with a grin, then she laughed softly, and Steve rolled his eyes dramatically, smiling. *"Although, in fact, you could easily kill him,"*

*"Hah, don't joke like that,"* again their quiet laughter melted in the loud music.

Tilia smiled broadly: *"A cool joke, right?"*

*"You remind me of her,"* He said quietly, calming himself with laughter, shyly considering his fingernails and smiling.

*"Whom?"* She understood who he was talking about, but wanted to hear *how he would pronounce her name.*

*"Dior,"* He looked at Tilia. *"I'm sure she would have said the same thing,"*

*"No, there would be much more sarcasm in her words,"*

*"Yes..."* sighed Steve, cast a long glance at Dior, she still chatting with Lydia.

*"I hope you're smart enough not to believe the words of this goat,"* Tilia frowned slightly, remembering Billy's smirk.

*"Of course! For whom do you take me?"* Steve was surprised, but smiled at her.

*"Thank you, Harrington. For bringing her bitchy ass here,"* They both smiled.

Tilia long ago wanted to thank Steve for not having escaped Dior, two days later, but stayed with her and, moreover, decided to return this girl to the world. For Tilia, Steve became almost a rescue in her affairs with her best friend, because she herself didn't have enough

strength to deal with her, or rather with *her new version*.

*"When I saw her in the crowd,"* continued Tilia, Steve looked at her closely. *"At first I thought that I had overdone it with alcohol and she was only a hallucination,"* They laughed noisily. *"But she's here, faking heel, she's alive, Harrington, I'm ready to idolize you for this,"* said the girl, looking at him with the look of the happiest person in the world.

For Tilia to see Dior, her friend, who communicates with only three people and very rarely goes to the movies and doesn't go to parties at all, was truly the most significant event in life. She literally shone with happiness, seeing a friend like that.

*"Stop it, Tilia,"* Steve said shyly.

*"No, how... how the hell did you do it?"*

*"Well, I just know a couple of effective psychological technics..."* He said in the tone of some super smart teacher and they laughed.

*"Okay, one day I'll sign up for your course of psychology,"*

*"Required,"*

In their conversation, the laughter subsided and there was a momentary pause, which they both spent in order to look again at the smiling Dior.

*"I incredibly want to see her as before..."*, breaking the silence, quietly said Tilia; she was sitting on the countertop, dangling her legs. *"I remember how happy we were and how we liked to hang out with our friends,"* She smiled at the smile that you only smile when you remember the pleasant moments of the past. *"But this fucking world, for a time, treated her unfairly, everyone around her betrayed her, laughed... and because of these fathead nerds she hid herself from the world. And you found her,"* They looked at each other. *"Steve, you can't just imagine how good she is?"*

*"Actually, I can... She interested me even in our first meeting, in the library - her glasses, daring tone, bitchy look..."*, He smiled.

*"Yeah... She's cool when she looks like that,"*

*"But there is much more hidden in her than this," Steve pointed to Tilia. "Her childhood is incredible, she told me a couple of stories, her knowledge... they... She's a genius in her pure form, she fencing and playing cello, she has two dogs and a shelf, stuffed with soft toys," He said all this very quickly, with wide open eyes and a descending smile. "I'm amazed that under her bitchy appearance there is a kind and vulnerable girl, with a damn lava lamp on the bedside table," They exchanged broad smiles, and Steve often exhaled, because he spoke too quickly.*

*"Wow, Harrington," Tilia was pleasantly surprised. "So you not only stole my friend from me, so you were at her house,"*

*"Just once,"*

*"Just once ?!" She exclaimed, amazed. "Yes, she sometimes doesn't let people beyond the threshold, and you were at her house and dragged her to your party," Steve, with an embarrassed smile, lowered his eyes. "In my opinion, it's only you, Steve, that is able to take her out of the state of "I don't care about this idiotic world, I don't need anyone". She trusts you," He looked up sharply.*

The last phrase was pleasantly repeated in his head. She trusts him. Dior trusts him. Tilia said this, and she wouldn't lie. He was most pleased to know that Miss Marchelier trusts him.

*"And you? You are her best friend?"*

*"I've been trying to do this for three years, but, as you can see, you could make her come here and, oh God, stay here," again a quiet laugh. "Not me...,"*

*"Thank you...,"*

*"Me? For what reason? You're the hero of the day! You know, if you can get that cutie back to the world, I'll give you all my savings," She laughed out loud.*

*"Stop it," Steve smiled shyly.*

*"Ah, well, if this isn't enough for you, then I'll also name my child in your honor,"*

"So, stop!" They laughed together now. *"Enough! Finish, Tilia!"*

*"Although, Tyler will be against another Steve,"* at that moment she saw Tyler waving from the crowd, beckoning her. "Well, I'll go," She jerked off the table and walked over to Steve. *"Don't be bored and don't let this bastard say something about my girl again,"* She said with a serious tone and laughed.

"Okay," He smiled, and she quickly ran to meet Tyler's open arms.

Steve cast a brief glance at his friend, hugging his girlfriend tightly, and smiled slightly. Tyler for a long time couldn't find himself a girl, after another betrayal of his ex, so Steve was incredibly glad to see a friend happy in the Tilia's company.

Harrington didn't want to leave everything like this and let Dior avoid him all the rest of the evening. Therefore, he rose abruptly and walked through the crowd, moving vigorously to the rhythm of the music. Lydia went somewhere, so Dior slowly moved along the crowd, looking at everyone and everything around and thinking about something.

She wanted to go out into the yard and was already approaching the open doors, as she stumbled upon Steve, who began to smile broadly, obviously happy that he found her in this crowd. Dior didn't want to see him, but didn't ignore his question:

*"Since when do you talk with Lydia Mayet?"*

They stood facing each other, but not very close; to the left of them danced and sang a huge crowd of guests, on the right in the backyard, too, some guys were having fun. The cool wind, rushing through the open doors, slightly shook Steve's hair, which now and then fell on his face.

*"She came up to me and started talking,"* Dior began dryly. *"I couldn't ignore her and leave,"*

"Actually," a grin lit up his face. *"I thought you would do so,"*

*"I don't want to quarrel with someone again,"* She began, looking straight into his eyes. *"Especially since, thanks to you, Harrington, I'm*

*stuck here for a few more hours,"*

*"Forgive me," the smile faded from his face for a moment. "But," He again pulled on his usual grin. "After all, you like it here, I see,"*

*"Shut up," She snapped and looked away.*

*"Yes, you definitely like it here," He continued.*

*"Lord...," Dior gasped, and, bypassing Steve, went on.*

*"Hey, stop!" He caught up with her and stopped, grabbing her hand; she turned, gently ripping out her hand from his. "Cosmo was right, just relax. You would know how unsurprisingly Tilia is pleased to see you here,"*

*"Tilia ?!" She was surprised so much that even a little opened her mouth. "She is here?!"*

*"Yes, and she's glad that you're here," Steve continued, with the same warm smile.*

*"I need to find her," She again tries to go further, but Steve catches up with her.*

*"Wait!" He stops her. "She's not here for you right now...," He said, and Dior looked at him, not understanding the meaning of his words. "I saw how they went up with Tyler, so you'll be third wheel in their games," He smiled broadly.*

*"God, how gross it sounded," She winced.*

*"So don't give a fuck on them and dance with me,"*

*"What?" She looked at him, as if he had offered her a parachute jump. "Or have you already hit by someone in the face with... a cobblestone?" She grinned.*

*"Oh, don't make such a funny joke, Dior," He said, pretending that he was laughing.*

*"Idiot..." She muttered and strode away from him.*

But Harrington was lucky that he quickly walks, so this time he caught up with her and got her attention: *"Hey, I just kidding... Relax, it's just a dance..."* He smiled. *"Or should I look for another beauty for slow dance?"*

*"Yes, please! Look how many of them are here, they're all waiting for you, Harrington. Go ahead and look,"*

*"Oh, I forgot to say that I already found her,"*

He gently grabbed Dior's hand and dragged her into the middle of the dance floor, where they were surrounded by other dancing couples. Steve quickly put his hands on her waist, and she looked at his satisfied face, refusing to put his hands on his shoulders.

*"I won't dance with you,"* She said offended.

*"You will, because I already hold your waist and will not let go,"* He smiled. *"Calm down, it's just a slow dance, we don't even move at all,"* She finally clasped her hands in the lock behind his neck.

### ***(play) Always Forever by Cults***

*"I don't want to see your face anymore,"*

*"I promise that after this dance I will rid you of this damn pretty face,"* He broadly smiled.

Dior rolled her eyes, and he laughed softly: *"Oh my God, Harrington,"*

They held on to each other, moving slowly to the beat of the melody. Steve looked at Dior, while she did everything possible to avoid meeting his gaze and a damn smile, (yes, yes, that same damn one!). Neon played pleasantly on their faces, wrapping them in a light veil of purple-blue light.

*"Stop staring at me so frankly,"* She finally looked at him.

*"Stop looking at people as if you are afraid of them,"* his smirk, the same damn as a smile.



*"I'm not afraid of them,"*

*"Yeah, but how... If you wasn't afraid, you would have danced with them for a long time already,"*

*"I told you, these dances aren't for me,"*

*"Do you like this one?"* He slightly raised his left eyebrow, and then laughed.

*"God...,"* She again pleaded.

*"I'm glad you like it here,"* a warm smile appeared on his lips.

*"I didn't say that,"*

*"It's clear from your face, Dior. Today I heard your laughter, your sincere laughter for the first time. You've been smiling all this time, until...,"*

*"Until you came,"* She finished for him with a grin.

*"Yes, but even with me you continue to smile and... we're still dancing – this is also a sign,"*

He was right, the fact that they still danced, gently holding on to each other, was still familiar with what she likes here, likes to be in his company, because in fact, she could at any time leave him, but she did not.) She didn't want to do this.

*"We dance only because it's too scandal-loud trying to get rid of your hands,"*

*"Don't deny that you don't like to see my handsome face so close,"* the neon-white lights continued to pleasantly flow over his face.

*"Just disgusting,"*

*"So, you like it,"* He concluded with a smile, continuing to stare into her eyes, in which the white lights of the lamps played.

*"Oh God...,"* She rolled her eyes again. *"You know, beyond a mile, I can smell your hair spray. I'm already feeling the irritation in my nose from*

*this sharp smell,"* She smiled.

*"You'll see, the smell of my hair spray will soon become your secret weakness,"*

*"This will become my secret weakness after I die of suffocation,"* She joked with a smile.

*"Oh, again, these your funny jokes,"* He squinted, and both of them quietly laughed.

Dior was no longer angry with him, but, on the contrary, thanked him for calling her here in general. She couldn't say it to him aloud, but she could do it with a smile and the sincere fun she gets here.

*"Will you drink with me?"* Steve asked.

*"You promised that you would save me from your face after this dance,"* Dior reminded.

*"Oops, I forgot,"* He smiled. *"Apparently, I was staring,"*

*"To whom? Or... to what?"* The girl smiled imperceptibly, and Steve continued to look her straight in the eye, than forced her cheeks to blush.

*"At the eyes...,"* He breathed and smiled. *"The girl on the left of us has such beautiful eyes,"* They laughed softly.

*"So would you dance with her, why did you call me?"*

*"Are you jealous...?"*

*"You're crazy?!"* Her smile quickly descended from her lips.

*"A little bit,"*

*"A lot,"* He smiled tenderly.

Sometimes she was really bored with his jokes and pods, although she herself was the same and sometimes even worse. But she didn't like it when he said, it would seem, such nonsense about jealousy and

other people's eyes. For her, he became not just a friend of work with the upside down, *he became a true friend*. Dior wondered how he still tolerates it, why he didn't abandon communication with her, what the hell he decided to call her to his party.

But his jokes at her address, beyond the limits of friends, irritated her. She didn't know exactly *what she felt for Steve*, she just had to figure it out, but now she doesn't want to climb into this jungle, but she wants to leave it as it is.

*"You were angry at me, Miss Marchelier,"* Steve said, continuing to smile broadly. *"Just a little bit more and you will make me a scandal,"*

*"All right, Harrington,"* She snapped his hands at her waist with a sharp movement, her face tense, she was angry with him again. *"The song is over, I'm gone,"* She turned and walked away from him.

### **(play) *We Don't Care by Borns***

*"Where?"*

*"To Tilia, or somewhere else, just to keep away from you!"*

*"Another dance?"*

*"In the next life...!"*

Dior quickly disappeared into the crowd, and Steve continued to stand in the crowd, the guys around him were now crazy again, but he paid no attention to it. Now it didn't even matter to him that she was angry with him again. It is important that she was dancing with him, and not some kind of dance, but a slow dance. Before his face, there were still her big eyes, in which the neon light played playfully.

---

Dior didn't have to search her best friend for a long time. Tilia ran up to her and held her tightly, so that Dior was frightened by surprise. Tilia shone with happiness, stretching her lips in the widest smile,

she were really glad to see her here.

*"Lord, how could you not tell me that you're going to a party?"* with reproach, but continuing to smile, Tilia asked.

*"I didn't say because I thought I wouldn't stay here for long,"*

*"But stayed anyway!"* sang Tilia. *"And I'm very happy, my princess, and I've seen it! I've seen it!"* This girl is very much loved to talk with riddles.

*"What did you see, Til?"* Dior asked with a smile.

*"You dancing with Steve,"* She was just beside herself with happiness.

*"It was a mistake, not a dance,"*

*"What, what are you talking about, why don't you like it that much?"* Tilia suddenly became serious, even a smile disappeared from her face. *"Because he invited you here and invited you to dance? Lord, he's a fine fellow! "*

*"Why is that?"* Dior didn't understand her.

*"Because at least someone decided to take you back to the world, even realizing how difficult it is. You're not just interesting to him, Dior, he wants to make friends with you, and you continue to look for an excuse to be angry with him and push the poor guy away,"*

*"Poor guy,"* Dior repeated sarcastically.

*"Yes, poor, and poor because he is trying hard to make friends with you, you repel him, and sometimes someone just want to feel sorry for him,"* Tilia began to speak loudly and quickly, trying to teach her friend.

*"So go and feel sorry for him!"* Dior cried to her.

*"I felt sorry for him when Billy nearly beat him for intervening for you,"*

*"What are you talking about?"*

*"When you chatted sweetly with Lydia, on the other side of the crowd, this*

*idiot Hargrove called you a bitch,"*

*"Leo," Dior realized.*

*"Yes, and Steve interceded for you, ready to fill this idiot with a snout,"*

At that moment, they noticed that the living room was almost empty, only a few too drunk guys were sitting in armchairs and at the table. The music continued to play, but no one danced, as all who could still stand on their feet filled the backyard of the Harrington's house. It was heard that there was someone shouting loudly, or rather swearing.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 3 of the ninth chapter of my fan fiction. Leave a comment and wait for next part, angel.

## 21. Things End But Memories Last Forever (Part 4)

### Summary for the Chapter:

One day ago a huge party was held in the Harrington's house, which he doesn't want to remember now. What could have happened at such an ordinary celebration for him?

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

*"What, baby Steve, will you defend your backside again with words or will you call some bitch again to help you?"* Billy asked with a smirk, standing in the distance opposite Steve.

They stood a few meters apart, ready to be about to attack. Everyone who was in the house was surrounded from, encased in a tight ring, they watched the guys, looking forward to the spectacular event. Someone from the crowd kept screaming out Billy's name, thus supporting him.

Once, Hargrove already beat Steve, and beat very well. But we can't say that Steve isn't able to beat him, on the contrary, he has been practicing a lot lately, so now he felt much more confident. Steve realized that he couldn't lose Billy because he couldn't take revenge on him for what he said about Dior.

Billy spit on the lawn and very slowly began to approach Steve: *"Well, why are you silent or are the arguments exhausted in our last meeting?"*

*"I don't want to fight with you... More precisely, I don't want to go down to your level, Hargrove,"* Steve clenched his fists.

*"Oh, don't you want to protect this bitch anymore? She turned you off,*

*poor Steve?* " He and his friends laughed aloud.

*"Get out of my house, bastard,"* Steve struggled to contain himself. *"I will remind you that nobody invited you here,"*

*"Without me, your party would be a total sludge, Harrington,"* He continued smugly.

*"It seems like a couple of seconds ago I told you to get the hell out of my house! "*

*"Steve,"* Billy said, stepping closer to him. *"If you don't want to ruin your already dead life, then listen to me... and Leo, brake up to hell with this damned bitch,"* He hadn't finished the last word when he got to know Steve's fist.

Hargrove just recoiled, grabbing at the bleeding nose and laughing with a crazy laugh. Steve realized that now one of them would be very painful.

*"And that's it? Everything you can do. Maybe I can show you how to fight?"*

The crowd chanted and shouted something incomprehensible, while Billy gave Steve "personal lessons of self-defense". He hit Steve in the chest, causing him to fall to the ground, grabbing at the sore spot; he received another powerful blow to his face, then barely stood up and wiped his bleeding nose, smearing the burgundy blood on his cheek.

*"Come on, Harrington!"* Billy continued to provoke him. *"Break my face to me! Put my fucking ass on me!"* and all this time he laughed endlessly. *"Where is this bitch? Call her, let her see how useless you are degraded because of her!"*

*"No one dares to say that about her!"* Steve shouted and hit Billy again in the face, this time hitting him right in the eye.

He only winced. The next second, with one blow to his stomach, he forced Steve to fall to the ground again, writhing with pain. He still had blood running from his nose, several large bleeding wounds were on his brow and on his forehead, under his left eye there was a small bruise. Falling to the ground, he clung to something with his foot,

causing his knee to break.

Billy lowered him over, with a smirk looking at the exhausted Steve: *"You can't protect yourself, how can you protect this fucking fool?!"* There was a loud laugh.

For Steve, this was the last straw. No one dares to speak out rudely about his friends; no one dares to speak out rudely about Dior. Steve remembered how she had been brought up to such a call once, so he couldn't let that bastard Billy and her half-witted brother Leo destroy Dior's life again.

Steve doesn't remember how, but he grabbed Billy by the collar and pushed him to the ground with a couple of moves; he leaned in front of him and began to beat Billy in the face with such fury as he had never expected from himself.

He continued to hit him after blows, his fists were already crimson from his blood, he ignored all the voices around. Jonathan, trying to drag Harrington away from Billy, himself received a blow from his shoulder, causing him to fall to the ground.

And Billy continued to smile at that moment: *"Yes, like that, Harrington, kill me, you son of a bitch!"*

Steve didn't want to stop. Billy was too smug and selfish to behave all this time, allowed himself to humiliate Steve himself and his friends, allowed himself to say bullshit about a girl he didn't even know. But *Steve knows Dior*. Yes, he knows her. Not everyone could boast of this, but he could, because he really knows her. Why he clearly understood that whatever Billy and Leo say about her, it's all a fucking lie.

For Steve, it was incredibly nice to realize that he could kill this asshole. He brought him out of himself, he deserves to be here now and lie on the ground, bleeding.

*"Harrington, come to your senses!"* Jonathan shouted at him. *"You're going to kill him!"* Steve didn't hear him at all.

*"Steve, stop, please!"* shouted Tyler from the crowd. *"He isn't worthy of*



*it! You mustn't descend to his level!"* Steve didn't hear him at all, continuing to beat Billy in the face.

*"Steve, stop it!"* screamed the terrified Nancy, wrapped in Jonathan's safe hugs. *"Steve, leave him, please!"* Steve didn't hear her at all, continuing to punch.

*"Harrington, stop it!"* shouted Dior, who was running up.

*He stopped.* He no longer beat him. He lifted his tormented glance at Dior, standing a few meters away from him; she looked at him with wide, surprised eyes, they were both breathing heavily, which made their chest cells rise up and down quickly. *He heard only her.* This saved Billy.

---

Tyler, as the owner of a very strong and loud voice, and also being an "encyclopedia of American profanity", over twenty minutes dispersed a crowd of dozens of young people who filled the Harrington's house on this spring evening. No one even resisted, as everyone understood that it was useless to contradict the Tyler's iron word.

The Harrington's house was a huge mess, the cleaning of which seemed to take all night. There was silence all around, as the music was cut down during the fight, the living room was filled with a light hazy veil of cigarette smoke, the neon lamps were turned off and the room was filled with ordinary light from the chandeliers.

After the beaten Billy was taken away by his friends, everyone's attention was focused on Steve. To help him reach the living room, Jonathan took his arm.

*"Lord, Harrington, what have you done...,"* The guy said quietly, seating Steve in a chair, standing near the counter in the living room.

Jonathan sat opposite Steve, who, squinting at the sting of pain, neatly touched the bleeding wounds on his forehead.

Most of all, Steve didn't want anyone reading moralizing lessons to him now, because parents would do it for him when they came back

home. And Jonathan, after he started dating Nancy, fell in love with moralizing talks too. Here and now he sits opposite him and looks either with regret or with reproach. So Steve ignored his gaze.

*"Why did you continue to beat him?"* asked Nancy, who had approached. *"Didn't you just hit him a couple of times and that's it?"*

*"He himself provoked me, he... he... He's a bastard, Nancy. Real bastard whom someone once had to put in place,"* Steve replied, still ignoring their gazes.

*"And you decided that this hero is you?!"* almost shouting, Nancy asked, beside herself from what had happened; Jonathan tried to reassure her.

*"Better let's help him,"* Jonathan said with a smile.

*"No, it's not necessary,"* Dior interrupted, coming up and standing in front of them, at the counter. *"I'll help him,"* She threw a fleeting glance at Steve. *"You need to rest from everything you see, no less than he,"*

*"Did not you see it?"* asked Nancy.

*"I saw only the ending,"* She answered. *"Don't worry, I will not beat him,"* she smiled slightly, making Steve smile.

Saying goodbye, they left the Harrington's house, leaving Steve alone with Dior.

Steve looked exhausted, his fists still stained with blood, which had already begun to dry up and crust. The curls of his hair, which fell to his forehead, stuck together due to blood, his nose stopped bleeding, but blood remained on his cheeks and over his lip, his left eyebrow was dissected, continuing to bleed slightly, making his eyebrows and eyelashes moist. On his forehead were a few large scratches, bleeding, to them stuck curls of hair, under the left eye was a small bruise.

His face was almost all covered in blood, which was already beginning to dry up. Also his T-shirt and jacket were stained with crimson spots and dirt. He was sitting on a high chair, leaning his left

elbow on the counter, continuing to touch the wounds, squinting and hissing with great pain.

Before him, on the table top with a strong knock, fell a packet of ice. From surprise Steve even slightly shuddered, then saw Dior, going to him. In her hands she was holding a small red suitcase-first-aid kit and a large cup of cold water.

*"It's for your eye,"* She pointed to the ice pack and sat opposite Steve.

Quickly opening the first-aid kit, she pulled out the bandages from there and, cutting one of them, wet it in a bowl of water. To be comfortable and not to get dirty, she took off her jeans jacket, putting it on the counter. Steve *watched her* all this time.

Dior turned to him and, carefully looking at his wounds, began to process them. Steve put the ice pack away so that it wouldn't interfere with her. When the cold cloth touched bleeding wounds, sending a burning pain, Steve frowned and hissed, but continued to look at her.

*She calmed him down.* Her face calmed him. When he looked at her, it became much easier for him, even the pain was not felt so much. He couldn't fully understand why she was acting so on him, although she didn't do anything for it. She only helps him and his friends with their strange things, helps him and now, treating the wounds. But that's *what she thought*. After all, only hearing her voice, he finally stopped beating Billy.

*"Why did you come to fight with him?"* She finally asked, throwing a second glance at him.

*"Because..."* He thought for a moment. *"Because he said something bad... about you,"* when she looked at him, his eyes already crashed into hers.

*"About me?"* She was surprised, having ceased to process wounds.

*"Yeah..."* He sighed regretfully, not taking his eyes off her.

*"What, what did he say?"*

*"Don't care about it,"* He said, and even smiled slightly.

He didn't want to tell her, because he realized that by hearing these words again, she could return to where she started; become the Dior that Steve met in the library – a puzzle girl, pushing herself away from this whole world.

*"What?"* She didn't give up, her voice sounded heavy and tense.

*"Relax,"* Steve said, smiling.

He tried to take her hand in his, to reassure her, but she said again: *"What did he say, Steve? Just answer me,"* She was a little annoyed.

*"Nothing,"* He snapped, turning away from her, not allowing her to complete the processing of his wounds. *"Just don't care about it, Dior,"*

*"I'm not finished,"* She said calmly, and Steve turned to her again, meeting her gaze; she continued to process his wounds. *"In fact, I can stand up for myself,"*

*"I know,"* a slight smile appeared on his face, which made even Dior smile, not stopping from work. *"I wanted to do this, I wanted to protect you,"* after each of his phrases, she cast a fleeting glance at him; she didn't understand what he was leading to. *"I wanted to stand up for you. I incredibly wanted to smash his fucking face for what he said about you,"* all this time he only looked at her, catching her every look. *"I wanted to kill him for these damn words, because I love you,"*

*She certainly didn't expect this,* especially now. She had spent only two and a half weeks with him *side by side*, and he already fell in love with her, and even so much that he was ready to kill the fucking Billy. After all, he almost killed him, if not for her.

All this time, he teased and joked over her, which prevented her from thinking about his true feelings for her. Focusing on getting rid of his company as quickly as possible, and then, having met his squad and focusing on solving the problem with the gate, she simply didn't notice his feelings. Therefore, his recognition became for her really a surprise. She couldn't even think that someone would defend her in a fight with Billy Hargrove himself. She couldn't even think that

*someone could fall in love with her.*

*He guessed her.* Not completely, but enough to understand how interesting and gorgeous she is. Her house and room told him a lot, but she herself told him a lot too. He got to the true Dior that was afraid to go out and show herself to the world again. He fell in love with her as she is now, and he fell in love with her that she was then (and was now, but didn't show it).

*"You're drunk,"* said the girl with a slight smile and lowered eyes, then continued to wash the wounds on Steve's face, who continued to stare at her with a lost gaze.

He tried to understand, find out what was happening inside her thoughts, how she reacted to his confession. He tried to catch it in her voice, in her smile, in her facial expressions, in her eyes, but only caught her confusion.

She continued: *"Tomorrow you won't remember any of this..."*

*"No!"* He loudly objected and immediately calmed down, seeing that he had frightened her. *"No... How can I forget about the things I think about every day?"* his lips, scarlet with blood, stretched out in a warm smile full of hope; he pierced it with his sparkling eyes.

*"I'm not ready for this now,"* She said calmly, her voice trembling slightly, she didn't know how to say it all. *"I'm sorry..."* She finally raised her dark eyes, full of sincere regret, to him. *"You're a very good person, everyone knows this, you're the first person who has been talking to me for more than a week without trying to find out personal information. You're incredible and it's true, but I'm not ready for anything more than friendship,"* She said very carefully. *"Do you understand me?"*

He understood her perfectly, and *these words wound him more than all the punches received from Billy.* He sits here beaten and heartbroken, looking into the purest brown eyes of the one that rejected him a couple of seconds ago. It hurt, but he didn't want to show this pain to her. He didn't want her to pity him.

*"Yes, yes..."* His gaze began to run around the room; he was embarrassed and thought he had put himself up as an idiot. *"I*

*understand,"* He quickly got up, went behind the counter, went to the table, leaning his arms on it, he stood with his back to her. *"I did not have to say all this,"* Dior thought for a moment, that he was about to cry.

She sat and looked at the marble countertop, where bloodstained bandages were strewn along with empty beer cans. She knew full well that she had just broken his heart, which she didn't want to do. But before she says *"yes"* to him, she needs to figure out her feelings for him.

*"Do you still need my help?"* She asked, after a few minutes of silence.

*"No thanks,"* He turned to her, but looked past her, trying to avoid her gaze. *"You can go. I should have let you go back then, "*

*"I'm sorry..., "* She whispered.

*"You don't have to apologize,"* He said sharply, lifting his gaze to her. *"You helped me with the wounds, thank you. Now..., "* a second pause and a last look at those dark, pitying eyes. *"Bye..., "*

He turned away again, which finally made Dior understand that it was time to go: *"Bye,"*

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the last part of the ninth chapter of my fan fiction. Leave a comment and wait for next chapter, angel.

## 22. We Can't Wait Any Longer (Part 1)

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

*"I need to see you all in the library, after school. Over and out,"* Mike's voice was heard through all the walkie-talkies.

After a couple of hours, surrounded by book shelves and daily dust, Mike sat at a large wooden table, waiting for the rest of the guys to arrive. Will was sitting next to him, his gaze was on different sides, opposite him was Lucas, boredom turning the pages of his notebook, Dustin and Max were walking back and forth across the table.

*"Maybe they throw it all?"* Lucas asked. *"I heard a couple of days ago Steve rolled a loud party at his home, almost the whole school was there,"*

*"It doesn't mean that they decided to throw us,"* Dustin said, stopping. *"What's wrong with having a rest? Believe me, no party and no alcohol will be able to get them to throw on all this,"*

*"Hey, kids!"* heard the Cosmo's loud voice, who was walking at their table with Steve. *"What happened?"*

They stood opposite Mike, Dustin and Max sat down at the table.

*"And where is Dior?"* asked Max. *"We need her, too,"*

*"We think she was already here,"* Cosmo was surprised.

After what happened at the party, Dior often intersected with the guys – then about the new messages, then about El – but never met with Steve, although he wasn't determined to avoid her.

Though she touched his feelings, wounded his heart, but at the same time he wasn't going to ignore her and treat her somehow differently. He preferred to wait, perhaps one day she would be ready for

anything.

*"We can't start without her,"* Mike began, looking quickly at all those present. *"But since we don't have much time, we'll have to start,"*

Today, not only Mike want to tell his friends about his discoveries, Steve and Cosmo came here for the same purpose. A few days, there was a lot that can't be missed. Enemies became twice as many, El were kidnapped and the wrong side began to absorb the city – this can't be delayed.

*"Yesterday, like on many previous days, I tried to contact El on the radio, at least to hear her breathing,"* He began, lowering his head and looking at his palms, occasionally pausing and looking up at the waiting guys. *"Any of her words or her sigh would let me know that she's alive. And yesterday...,"*

*"What happened yesterday, Mike?"* without restraining herself of curiosity, Max asked.

*"You heard her...,"* Steve sighed, smiling a little.

Mike looked at him: *"Yes... I heard her and she said that she is scared,"* his voice slightly began to tremble. *"And she was crying, I heard... I heard that she was crying,"*

*"Well, at least we know that she is alive,"* Cosmo began, sitting down at the table; Steve sat opposite him. *"It pleases... Now we need,"*

*"Dior!"* Dustin shouted, interrupting the guy and calling the girl.

She walked quickly to the table, sitting opposite Mike. It seemed that she was confused or frightened, something. Faced with a glance with Steve, they exchanged a quiet "Hello" and light smiles.

Speaking of Dior, she was surprised by Steve's confession. But she also didn't intend to avoid him or something like that. She herself doesn't know what exactly feels to him – whether this is friendship or an application for something more. She will not be ready for anything more *until she understands this.*

*"I'm sure I missed something important,"* She said.



*"Mike contacted El on the radio yesterday, he talked to her," Dustin explained.*

*"I didn't speak to her, I just heard her," Mike corrected him.*

*"And what did you hear?"*

*"She said that she is scared, and she was crying," Mike repeated again, trying to restrain the tears coming up.*

The kidnapping of El was not in the plans of the guys, so all their hopes of a quick closing of the gate were broken. Now first of all it is necessary to save El and do it as accurately and safely as possible for everyone, including for the laboratory, since there is too much necessary information.

*"We can't do anything until we save El," Dior began, looking gravely at everyone. "We still won't close the gate without her, but they can, and if it's important for us to leave all of them alive, they hardly care about other people's lives,"*

*"Yes," Steve interjected. "After El was abducted, Hopper went to the laboratory, hoping to take his daughter back,"*

*"Did they do something to him?" asked Will, frightened.*

*"No, just hit a couple of times," He grinned. "The head of the laboratory, Dr. David Brenner, informed him that the laboratory staff had collected all the experiments to use them to close the gate and destroy the upside down,"*

*"So they kidnapped El, and with her, and other experiments," Dior intervened again. "They want to unite the forces of all experiments and send them against the upside down, to end this forever,"*

*"All the experiments...", Steve began and stopped. "They will die when this is done,"*

*"We can't allow this in any way!" Mike protested loudly. "We can't let 'em kill them,"*

*"We will not allow it," Cosmo began. "Now we need to think carefully*

*about everything in order to understand how to cope with the laboratory and grims,"*

*"Grims? What is that?"* Lucas was surprised and all the children stared at them.

*"I found a new message,"* Steve began. *"It said that soon new enemies would come to Hawkins,"*

Cosmo interrupted him: *"Or have already come,"*

*"These enemies are the grims – huge wolves, with luminous eyes, constantly wanting to kill you. They came from that upside down and joined the demodogs to defend the gate and hold the upside down here, "*

*"Other than that,"* Dior began. *"In the lab Dr. Brenner told to Hopper that the upside down began to absorb the whole city, as evidenced by the grims that came from that side. According to Dr. Brenner, half the laboratory is already engulfed in the upside down,"*

*"Lord, it's all just a shit,"* Dustin said and began to walk from side to side.

*"We need to accelerate to catch everything and not let the upside absorb the city,"* Lucas said.

*"And don't let the lab kill El,"* Max said.

---

*"And don't let the lab kill El,"* -came a fir-audible echo.

The voice was close, but echoed, as if spoken in another part of the school. The corridors of Hawkins High School were illuminated in some white and blue color, several students slowly walked around waiting for a bell. Small black particles, similar to ashes, floated in the air, but it seemed that no one noticed anything.

*"Where is the library?"* Will asked some of the guys, but they just laughed and left.

He couldn't understand anything. If this is the upside down, then why are all these people here, why are they behaving so calmly and even laughing. He continued to walk silently towards the library, looking back all the way and listening with care.

The library was empty. The shelves were filled with books, there was no dust on the tables, as if someone had been there recently. Will approached the table where he sat with all the guys a few minutes ago. But there was *no one there*.

Will spun around, as he heard a soft growl. In front of him there was a grim, just about ready to pounce on him. Will stood without moving and only stared at the beast, breathing heavily. A minute later, several grims stood in front of him, accompanied by a pair of demodogs. Somewhere in the distance, near the shelves, someone stood.

Will couldn't say a word. He continued to stand and look at all these monsters, which slowly crept up to him, making horrible screams. They are about to pounce on him. He closed his eyes and felt someone's hand on his shoulder.

---

Will turned abruptly and saw Dior, slightly frightened, in front of him. They both stared at each other; Will occasionally turned his head, examining the room in which he was.

He returned to the real world. Another vision that terribly frightened him and the others. His eyes glittered with tears; he could barely manage his breathing. He was very frightened. Dior approached him, grabbing him by the shoulders, crouched opposite him.

*"Everything is okay?"* She asked, staring at him. *"Will... Answer,"*

*"Yes,"* He finally said. *"I was there... On the upside down... There were people and monsters... Soon we will be there too..."*, tears flowed down his cheeks, he embraced still surprised and frightened Dior.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 1 of the tenth chapter of my fan fiction. Leave a comment and wait for next chapter, angel.

## 23. We Can't Wait Any Longer (Part 2)

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

After another vision, Will urgently needed to drive home, because only there he could feel completely safe. All unanimously decided that Dior would take him. The girl didn't refuse, because she wanted to help him, and also learn more about him from the upside down and everything that is happening in the city.

Dior was good to him; she was even interested in the oddity of a boy living in two worlds at the same time.

Though she had never been to the Byers house, she knew perfectly well where they lived. Half way they rode in complete silence – Dior looked at the road, Will – on the landscapes flashing outside the window.

Forecasters again deceived, saying that the spring will be sunny and warm. Instead, for the second day the sky was leaden-gray with a dimly shining sphere of the sun, from this even the foliage on the trees seemed dirty and pale.

*"Why did not they notice that I had disappeared?"* Will asked softly, turning to Dior.

*"They noticed... But too late,"* She answered with a smile.

The fact is that the guys were busy discussing the possible plans to save El, so they didn't notice how Will left somewhere. Dior herself noticed it only when she went in search of some important book.

*"What did you see there?"* Dior began cautiously, afraid that he would stop talking to her. *"You stood still and your eyes were closed. I myself was confused..."*

He interrupted her: *"Monsters,"* He said, looking straight at her. *"I saw them all there... They surrounded me, I had nowhere to run..."* He spoke calmly, sometimes making a second pause. *"There were not only demodogs... There were also grims, those that Cosmo and Steve talked about,"*

*"Were you in school?"*

*"Yes... In the library, next to the table at which you were sitting in the real world at this moment,"* He looked at her with a slight fright in his eyes. *"I was afraid that they would attack me and leave me on the upside down again, but you pulled me out of there... Mike also pulled me out of there before, and mom,"*

*"You were there alone? I mean, were there other people there?"*

*"Yes, I was very surprised, because there are never any people..."* He looked at her attentively. *"The living people... And those whom I met in the school corridor, they were alive and they laughed, talked and behaved as if they were in the real world, and not on the upside,"*

At this moment the situation became even more terrible, as Dior's fears were confirmed – the upside down begins to absorb the city. Usually, the upside kills people and Will is right, saying that there were never any living people there. Why then did the people whom Will met were quite alive and even joyful?

There was a momentary silence in the car while Dior wondered about Will's words, but he pulled it out of his thoughts, asking: *"I saw another monster there..."* in his brilliant eyes there was fear.

*"Grim?"*

*"No... It was something else..."* He stopped, trying to remember the appearance of the monster. *"It was big, the size of a bookcase... Then... I looked only at him, it seemed that he had no skin, as his muscles, internal organs and bones were visible to the naked eye..."* Will looked forward and didn't seem to blink; he spoke softly, as if afraid that someone could hear them.

*"The message was true,"* Dior began. *"There are more and more new*

*enemies, and now it remains to wait until this new monster appears in our forest,"*

Will turned to her; his eyes glittered even more brightly, from the tears coming: *"He didn't have a face, it was more like a skull and nothing else... Instead of eyes empty hollow holes, but he had sharp fangs... He stood behind all the monsters, as if he were watching them, "*

She interrupted him: *"As if he was their leader,"*

*"Yes... I think we should be more afraid of him than all the other monsters put together,"*

*"Why didn't you tell everyone about this when we were in the library?"*

*"I don't know... In the library, I felt uncomfortable, as if the monsters continued to haunt me, I even occasionally heard a distant echo of their screams..., "*

*"It's over, Will,"* Dior reassured him, smiling broadly. *"You're doing well, that with all this, you continue to help us,"*

*"I will always help you,"* He smiled.

---

There were several deaf knocks on the door and in just a second a broadly smiling female figure appeared on the threshold. It was Joyce Byers, as always incredibly joyful to the appearance of her son and guests. But her smile faded as she looked at her son and realized that something had happened.

She put her arm around his shoulders and quickly asked: *"What happened, dear? What happened to you?"*

*"Nothing,"* Will said softly. *"Nothing,"*

Joyce tried to smile, so as not to upset her son with her troubles. Will quickly ran into the house, wanting to be inside his second castle, beyond the walls of which he could feel safe around the clock. Joyce remained and turned her gaze to Dior again.

*"I'm Dior... Steve's friend,"* The girl smiled slightly.

*"Come in,"* Joyce invited her friendly; Dior spent a few seconds thinking about whether to go in or not, then went into the house. *"Tell me, please, what happened to Will, I know something has happened,"* She smiled, but the smile couldn't hide her nervous excitement.

In fact, Dior didn't want to stay here for long, as she wanted to think over everything that had happened to her alone today. But she couldn't refuse Joyce either, since she had seen this always agitated mother, who, moreover, was always frightened by her son's behavior. Joyce sincerely wanted to help her son and the others, and Dior could help her understand all that is happening now.

Going into the kitchen, Dior noticed the Chief Hopper sitting at the table, drawing invisible circles around the edges of the cup with fingers.

*"Oh, Steve's fearless friend,"* Hopper said with a pleasant smile as he saw Dior. *"Something happened?"* His face took a serious look.

*"She brought Will,"* Joyce began, sitting down at the table; Dior sat opposite them. *"Will, though smiling, but his gaze was lost, and he behaved a little strange,"*

*"What happened to him, Dior?"* Hopper asked, not taking his eyes off the girl.

*"Today in the library he had a new vision,"* Dior began.

For the next ten minutes she told them everything, all from the very beginning, from that first night adventure in school. Dior didn't miss a single detail and told everything she could know. Hopper already knew enough, so the second part of the story – about the laboratory and the gate – was not very surprising. But on the Joys the whole story made a pretty strong impression, now she was afraid for her son and his friends even more.

*"What should we do?"* Joyce asked in a slightly trembling voice. *"We urgently need to do something, otherwise..."* She didn't finish, standing up sharply and starting to walk noisily around the room. *"I'm even*



*afraid to imagine what will happen if we can't do anything,"*

*"Don't even think about it," Hopper said, looking at the patterns on the tablecloth and thinking about something. "We have already met with this insanity several times and each time won quite well," He smiled softly. "Besides, there are more of us now," He looked at Dior with the same smile. "And Cosmo,"*

*"The main thing is not the number of people, but the quality of the work done," Dior told him.*

*"In a philosophically wise thought, my Lady," Hopper laughed audibly. "But the more people, the more power, and with demodogs and grims only it is needed,"*

The conversation was interrupted by a sharp ringing that was heard all over the house. The phone rang. Joyce wanted to come up, but Jim, who was closer to the phone, was ahead of her. He took off the bright yellow tube and brought it to his ear and didn't have time to say a word. He heard *her voice*, which echoed in his head.

*"I know it's you,"* whispered the voice. *"Daddy... I'm scared,"* El's voice began to tremble with tears. *"You have to hurry, if you want to close the gate... It may soon be too late,"* sounding beeping whistles sounded on the other end of the tube.

Jim continued to stand, clutching the phone in his hand and putting it to his chest. He was silent, looking at the items on the coffee table, repeating dozens of times in his head the words spoken by El.

*"Who was that, Jim?"* Joyce asked excitedly, exchanging glances with the same worried Dior. *"Is this someone from the lab?"* She asked again, Jim sat at the table, clasping his hands behind his head.

*"It was Jane,"* He looked at them. *"We can't wait anymore. It's time to gather everyone,"*

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked the part 2 of the tenth chapter of my fan fiction. Leave a comment and wait for next chapter, angel.

## 24. The Upside Down Right Next To You (Part 1)

### Notes for the Chapter:

All «Stranger Things» characters and materials belong to The Duffer brothers, (I only own my original characters). Take your good mood and get into new strange things in Hawkins, Indiana.

Within a few hours the house of Byers was filled with people. Hopper was absolutely right, saying that they can't wait any longer, because things have gone too far and could soon become dangerous for everyone, including the city. Therefore, in this operation, each person is important, not just *three necessary fragments*.

The first to arrive were children who ran into the house so quickly that they nearly broke the front door. They had only one look at the tense faces of Joyce, Jim and Dior, to understand that something serious had happened, that today everything must be done. The kids were here, but for some reason the others were late, but they decided not to wait.

"What? What happened?!" cried Dustin, although this wasn't required at all; his cry cut through the steady silence. "*Something with Will ?!*"

"Dustin, stop screaming," Dior calmly asked him. "*With Will, thank God, it's all right,*"

"I'll call him," Joyce said with a smile and headed toward her son's room.

"Then what happened? What's the urgency?" asked Lucas; all the kids surrounded the table, looking at Jim and Dior excitedly and with astonishment. "*Something with El?*" He asked in a whisper.

"Yes," The Chief said quietly. "*The phone rang and at the other end was she, she told me that she was scared,*" His voice was slightly shaking, but he was good at controlling his emotions. "We need to go to the lab to save Jane and do away with that damn gate forever," He looked at the kids carefully.

*"It's said very cool, chief,"* Dustin smiled broadly, everyone was staring at him. *"I'm just glad that we finally reached the final of our game,"* He explained.

At that moment, Joyce returned to the kitchen, accompanied by Will, who was already a little better, but he was surprised to see the kids here and Dior. For them, he is another person who can help go to the laboratory and cope with the upside down, since he was continuously associated with it.

*"How are you?"* asked Mike, who had approached him.

*"I'm okay,"* Will replied with a small smile. *"What's going on here?"*

*"We have the final,"* continuing to smile broadly, said Dustin; Will looked at him in perplexity. *"It's all over today, Will; today we'll close the gate and save El,"*

*"And how will you do it?"* Will asked. "You don't even know where to go and where to look for El?"

*"He's right,"* Max entered into the conversation. "The laboratory is huge and protected from all sides; we can't go through just like that,"

The conversation was interrupted by a hollow knock of the door, and Steve and Cosmo quickly entered the house. Both were already armed, as if they knew that they would have to defend themselves; one had his permanent weapon – a bat, and the other had his mysterious burgundy substance, spilled over the flasks and packed in a plastic bag.

*"Have we missed something important?"* Cosmo asked, breathing deeply.

*"Today we have the final,"* Dustin said again, smiling.

*"Dustin, stop it,"* Max said.

*"What? What are you talking about? Final of what?"* asked Steve, puzzled.

*"The final of your game, Harrington,"* Dior explained to him with a smile; because he used to call it a game often, in order to hide the

truth from her.

*"It's clear..."* He said quietly, looking at her.

*"Now we need to somehow find out where to go and where to look for El,"* Mike said.

It was difficult without El to save this fucking city, because before she told them where to go and where to find the things they needed. The kids still remember the moment when they dipped her in a bath filled with salt, and she helped them find Will. But now everything is completely different, now they themselves had to find El.

*"Can't we just go to the lab and look for the right room?"* Cosmo asked.

*"In the laboratory, every inch is protected, that is in the room, as outside it,"* Jim began. *"If we go there for no reason, then there is a chance that we will not leave it,"*

*"Will is connected with that upside down,"* Max began. *"Maybe he can somehow help us through the upside?"*

*"In today's vision, I've seen people..."* Will began. *"The living people who went to school even laughed, and when I was in the library I heard someone's voice,"*

*"Was that the El's voice?"* interrupted Mike.

*"I don't know for certain... But it was a familiar voice, I already heard it, I heard not even a voice, but a distant echo, so I couldn't make out the words,"* for a few seconds everyone was silent. *"I don't know, maybe you somehow get to send me back to the upside, so I try to find El,"*

*"Are you ready for this?"* Mike asked.

*"Yes,"* Will said with a confident smile. *"I want to help you and help her,"*

This time they decided not to experiment with salt baths, instead, Cosmo proposed to immerse Will in a state of artificial sleep, which, in his opinion, would help him return to the upside down. Will had to fall asleep here, and wake up already on the upside. In a sleep, he

must be accompanied by someone's voice from the real world, the voice of a friend and a person familiar to him, so everyone chose Joyce.

Everyone surrounded Will lying on the couch, waiting for him to fall asleep. Apparently, Cosmo already practiced this, so he did everything quickly, but neatly.

*"The sleep will be very deep," The hunter began, looking at Will, slightly agitated. "But you can talk to us and hear the voice that will accompany you. I don't know which part of the puritan Hawkins you wake up, but most likely it will be your home or school,"*

*"I'll have to find a lab?"*

*"No, you will have to find the answers where you will be. If you search every corner and find nothing, only then you will have to find a lab. Understand?"*

*"Yes,"*

Joyce went to her son and sat next to the couch: *"I'm with you, darling. Listen to me, okay?"* He nodded in agreement and closed his eyes.

---

Will had been in a sleep for several minutes, but there was no movement, he didn't say anything. Everyone began to worry, to be afraid that something had happened to him. Joyce tried to call her son, but he never answered her.

*"Will, dear,"* She continued. *"Do you hear me? Do you hear?"* nothing. *"What with him?"* She turned to Cosmo.

*"I don't know. He already had to answer you,"*

*"Will,"* Mike called to him. *"Will, do you hear me? Have you heard your mother?"* nothing. *"Will,"*

*"Can you hear me?"* Dustin asked. *"My friend, do you hear me?"* Dustin smiled, but didn't hear anything in response.

*"Will, baby, answer,"* continued Joyce; the tension and excitement grew, and Will still didn't answer.

*"Do you hear us?"* Lucas asked. *"Why can't you hear not one of us?"*

*"A boy just sleeps, but doesn't walk on the upside,"* Dior said with a slight smile.

*"Dior?"* Will heard a voice and everyone stared at him. *"Dior, is that you?"* Will asked, it was evident how his eyeballs move quickly under closed eyelids; now everyone looked at the stunned Dior. *"Are you here?"*

*"Come here, come here,"* Joyce literally pleaded with her, and Dior slowly approached Will, who was lying on the couch. *"Answer him,"*

*"Can you hear me?"* Dior asked him.

*"Yes,"*

*"Where are you?"*

*"I'm in the library... Again..."*

*"You don't see anything suspicious there?"*

*"People... There are a lot of people here... They are all reading, talking... Why are they here?"*

---

For the first time in his life, Will saw the day on the upside. In the large windows of the library a white, dull sun broke through, filling everything around with smoky light. Bookshelves were in some places wrapped in the same black dense strands or roots; Small fragments of ash still flew in the air.

At some tables, teenage schoolchildren were sitting in groups, discussing something cheerfully, someone was reading books and writing down the right lines in a notebook, someone was looking for the right books on endless bookshelves. Will stood in the middle of the library, perplexed by everything that was happening, continuing to listen to Dior's voice.

*"Maybe it's the lab workers?" Dior repeated the suggestion made by Hopper. "The part of the laboratory that is already absorbed by the upside,"*

*"Then why are they at school?" Will asked, still not moving.*

*"Well, Will, for the time being we need to forget about these people," The girl continued, still agitated and calm. "Maybe you see something else... some... papers, keys, maps, books?" Dior repeated what the others were shouting at her.*

Will began to walk slowly and cautiously through the library so familiar to him: here is the table he constantly sits with his friends preparing for the tests, here is a rack of sci-fi literature, from where he often takes books, here laid the comic books that he himself brought in library, so that others can read them.

People who were in the library didn't pay any attention to him, which made him even more worried and scared. He listened to every rustle, and to every word of them. Approaching one of the tables, behind which sat a group of middle school students, he saw one of them have a book with the inscription "Experiments of Indiana laboratories from 1950 to 1980". Will stopped and looked at this book.

*"Hey, baby," one of the guys sitting at the table called him. "What do you need?" everyone looked at him with a smile.*

*"Can I have this book?" Will asked him.*

*"Have you found something?" Dior asked.*

*"Graham," The guy called his friend, he turned, flashing his green eyes. "Do you still need this book?"*

*"No, take it," Graham said, holding out the book to Will.*

*"Thank you," Will thanked him tremblingly, and, hastening his step, went to another table.*

*"Will, who did you thank, what did you find?" Dior asked him.*

Moving away from unnecessary looks and conversations, Will put the heavy book on the table. The book was unremarkable – a soft cover, a single-colored white already yellowed cover in places with large black letters that say the name. He quickly flipped through the pages of the book, while on the other side everyone was waiting impatiently for an answer from him.

*"I found a piece of paper,"* Will said.

*"What is written there? Probably a cipher,"* Dior asked.

The sheet of paper was first packed in a small yellow envelope, from which Will quickly got rid of. On the unfolded sheet he was presented with a strangely coded message - the first few lines were written in black ink, others were black dots and sticks, the end lines were not letters at all, but tactile-tangible points, probably made with a needle.

*"It's a cipher, Dior,"* Will said, and even smiled slightly, rejoicing that she would help him decipher it.

*"What does it look like?"*

*"These are a few ciphers, with which one message was encrypted,"* He began, keeping his eyes on the sheet. *"There is a Morse code, a cipher of Caesar and some kind of incomprehensible set of holes,"*

*"This is Braille's code,"* interrupted someone's voice.

Will turned carefully and saw in front of her a girl holding a couple of books. She smiled at him, and then continued to look for the right book. *Her short curly hair* was trimmed into a neat half-tail; she threw *her blue sweater* on one of the nearby chairs so that she wouldn't interfere with keeping the books. Looking for the right book and reading the names on the roots, *she sang softly.*

Continuing to watch the girl, Will said: *"There is a Morse code, a cipher of Caesar and a Braille code... She told me,"*

*"Who is she?"* Dior asked in surprise.

*"This is a girl with short, curled hair, tucked into a tail...,"* Will began softly, not to attract the attention of a stranger. *"She has a blue skirt*



*and a white and pink sweater,"*

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*"She's looking for some books, singing something,"* Will continued, but Dior didn't seem to listen anymore.

She stood and looked at the wall, his words echoing in her head. She immediately recognized this girl in a blue skirt and pink sweater, with curly hair tucked into the tail with a bright red hair tie; she sang the song *Call Me*, which she then listened to almost every day in the company of her friend; she was looking for some novel of Dickens, not very interesting, but not very tiring.

*"It's you, right?"* asked Steve, who had been watching her for several minutes; she looked at him, and he saw the tears in her eyes that weren't noticeable, and which soon disappeared altogether.

She turned back to Will: *"Will, ask her to decipher the text,"*

*"All right,"* He replied.

Everyone continued to look at Dior, waiting for a response from Will. How she hated, when she was so frankly looked at, waiting for what she would do next. As she didn't try, but she couldn't wear a mask of indifference this time, she still wouldn't hide the surprise and disappointment that overwhelmed her now. But she easily managed to pretend that she doesn't think about this at all, but only expects a response from Will, along with everyone.

Everyone realized that now on the upside Will talks with a thirteen-year-old Dior (his coeval, by the way), asking her to decipher the message, which she, as always, will easily do. But no one understood *what this little Dior was doing on the upside down*, why she behaves so ordinary and *why the former Dior is still here*.

Soon Will began his conversation with Dior and everyone listened attentively to him.

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*(A few minutes earlier)*

*"All right,"* Will replied, and began to approach the girl quietly; when

she saw him, she broke away from her occupation and met him with a smile. *"You said it was Braille's code,"* He handed her a sheet with a message.

Taking the paper and examining it carefully, she answered: *"Yes, but there are a few more ciphers here,"* She handed him the paper. *"Where did you get that?"*

*"I went on this in a book. Can you decipher what's written here?"*

*"Yes, of course,"* She smiled pleasantly; Will also tried to smile, so as not to seem strange.

She quickly sat down at the table in front of the still-open book in which Will found the message. He put a sheet in front of her, which she again carefully examined.

*"I don't have a pencil,"* He said quietly.

*"I have,"* She answered, already deciphering the first words.

Will, pretending that he was looking for some book, went to one of the shelves, but so that he could see the girl. This Dior deciphered the messages as masterly as the one now in the real world. This Dior didn't do it so quickly, but still neatly, reading in every letter.

*"She translates the message,"* Will said to Dior, that one who was with the others now. *"Dior, it's you, I see you now?"*

*"Yes,"* answered the girl. *"Who did you take the book from? And what is this book?"*

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*"This book, which describes all the experiments of laboratories in our state,"* began Will. *"I took it from some Graham,"* Dior exchanged instinctively with the same surprised Steve.

*"Ask him how this Graham looks,"* Steve told her.

*"What did Graham look like?"*

*"He looked about thirteen years' old, dark hair and green eyes," Will said. "You know him?"*

Looking at Dior, Steve said: *"This is Olsen, Graham Olsen,"*

*"Yes, we know him,"* again referring to Will, Dior said.

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*"Who are you talking to?"* asked approached Dior, already holding a decoded message in her hand.

*"No one... I just read the name of the books,"* He took the message from her hands. *"Thank you,"*

*"There's something strange written there,"* The girl laughed softly. *"Some rooms, rooms, left, right... Why do you need this?"*

*"It's...",* He stopped, thinking up something genius. *"This is for the game... Nothing special, just a strategic game with ciphers and tasks,"* He smiled broadly, for the first time, even for a second, feeling safe.

*"Why have not I seen you before?"* She asked.

*"Because of illness I was at home, so I wasn't at school,"* with a smile, he explained. *"Where are your friends?"*

*"Some of them are already at home, and Alice and Tilia are sitting at that table,"* She pointed to a large wooden table, behind which sat two girls and wrote something. *"Where are your friends?"*

*"They're already at home,"* Will said a little stutter. *"I have to go,"*

He was stopped by her question: *"Will we see each other again?"* She asked, looking at him with her glistening dark eyes. *"You though a little strange, but interesting,"* They quietly laughed.

*"I think yes,"*

*"For now, good luck with the game,"* She said, finally giving him another smile.

*"Bye...",* He said and headed for the exit.

He again walked slowly and cautiously, a sense of fear again returned to him. He was surprised that a few seconds ago, talking to a small Dior, *he completely forgot about all the dangers* that might lie in wait for him here. Already approaching the library doors, he quickly turned around and looked around the library, looking at the laughing Graham Olsen, and Dior, chatting about something with friends.

Quickly leaving the library, he found himself in an empty school corridor, filled with a white-gray light of lamps. He read the decoded message again and was about to read Dior, as a familiar voice called to him:

"Will!" The voice was approaching and with it a small figure was approaching. *"Will, where have you been? We've all been looking for you,"* said the boy, who was running up and smiling, boy who is about eight years old.

*"M-Mike ...?"* asked Will, frightened.

*"Yes, and who else. Forgot what I look like? Let's go, the lesson will begin soon,"* Mike took his hand.

*"No!"* Will shouted and, wring his hand from Mike's hand, *he woke up.*

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I sincerely hope that you liked new part of my fanfiction. Leave a comment and wait for a part 2, darling.